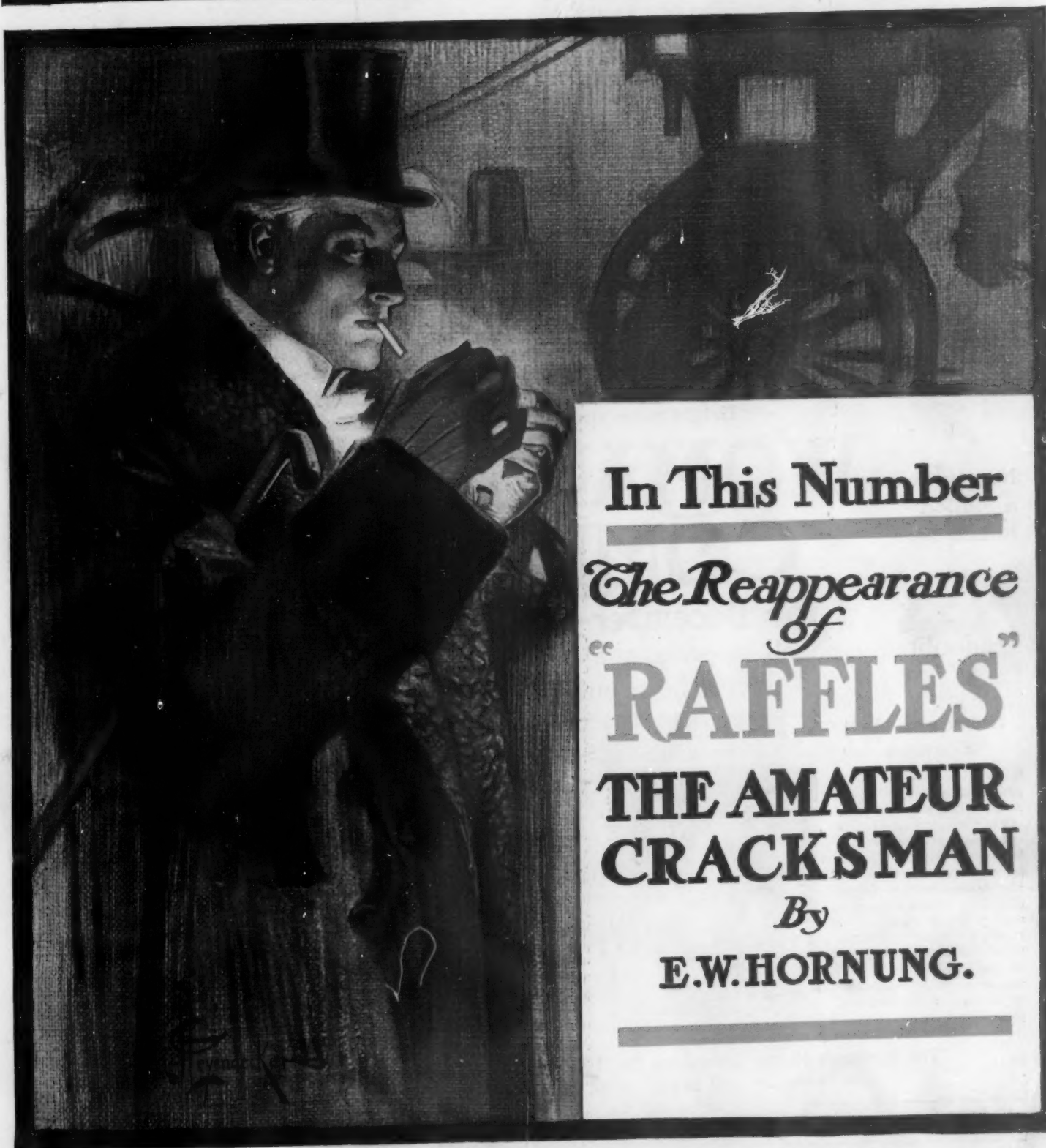


Collier's

DECEMBER 10TH 1904



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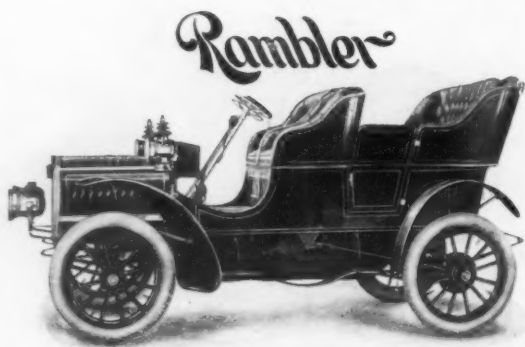
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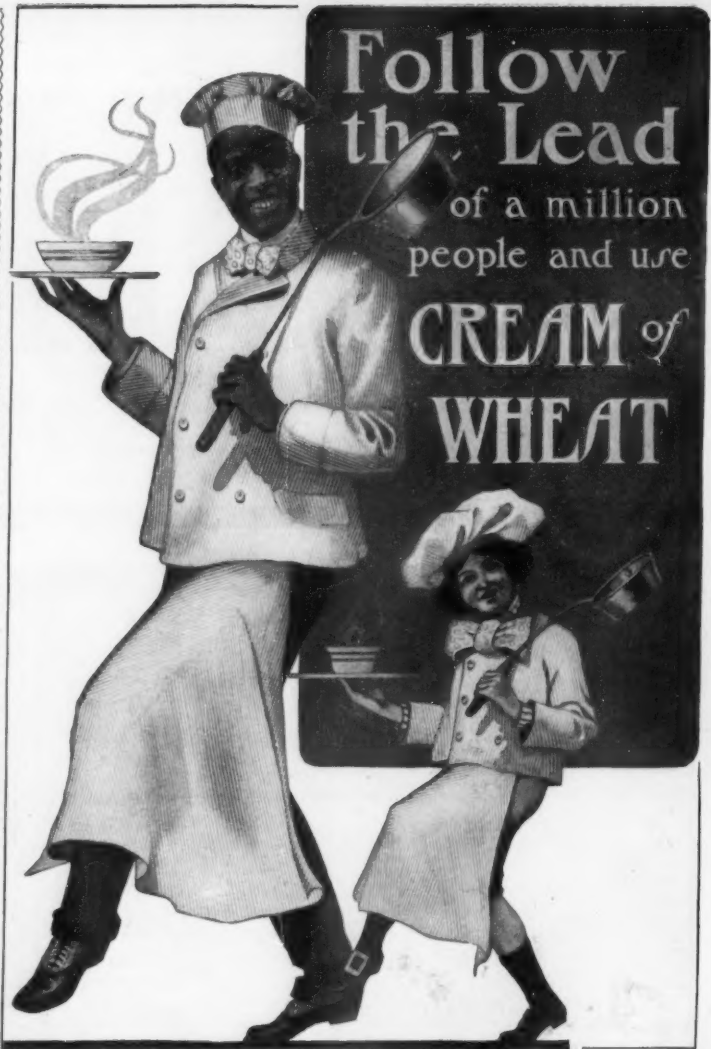
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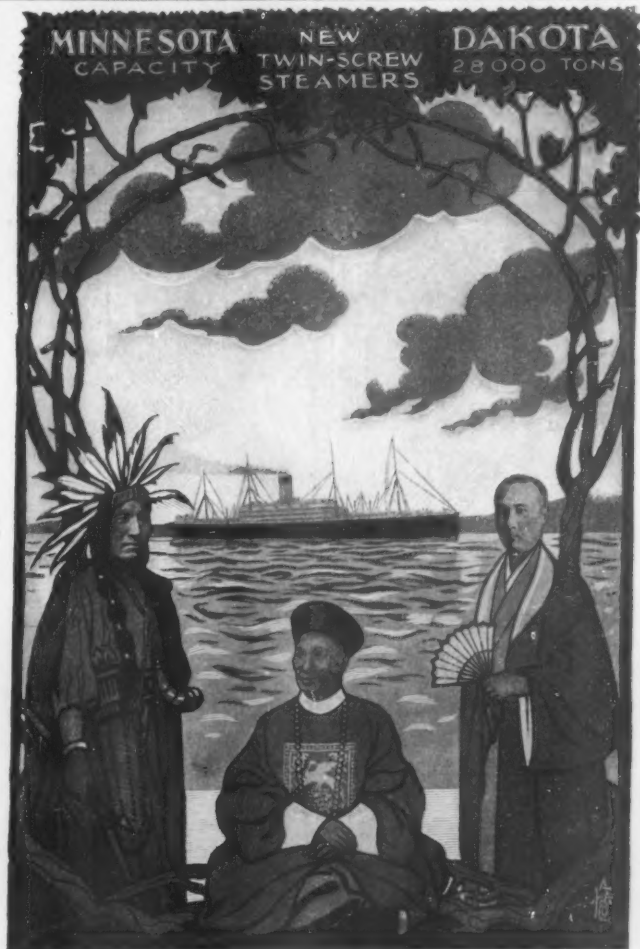
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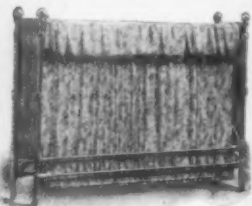
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THE FIRESIDE

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THE MOST IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT which the President is likely to make is to the post of Attorney-General. Mr. MOODY is likely not to remain for the whole term. He is a level-headed man, hardly the best, however, for precisely the kind of work needed in the present situation. At one time a sample rumor offered the post to former Governor BLACK of New York, a man of some ability and a lucrative practice, but entirely unworthy of a position which requires great judgment as well as the highest legal knowledge. The rumor, which we heartily disbelieve, credited the President with a willingness to appoint BLACK to take him out of the scramble for the New York Senatorship, that prize for which the political vultures are in full competition. Mr. DEFEW, the present incumbent, is not dead, except in so far as he is an opponent of Governor ODELL, who announces his intention to dictate the selection of a Senator to the Legislature of which he is supreme boss. National offices, however, are not likely, under Mr. ROOSEVELT, to be filled on principles as low as those which are expressed in New York Senators. The President, when Mr. MOODY retires, will doubtless appoint a man whom the American bar and at least the well-informed part of the American people will accept as worthy. The success of the next Administration depends to a large extent on the Attorney-General. He should

**TRUSTS AND
THE MAN**

be a man who knows all about corporations, and appreciates their proper activities as well as their improper and illegal ones. He should know much of business as well as much of law. In spite of harmless barking from the yellow press, he should be what is called a corporation lawyer—in other words, a lawyer so able in his profession and of such administrative talent that the great business enterprises have sought his services. He should, if possible, be a man who, while still young, has had enough of money-making and would go into public life because of its worth and higher interest. As examples of what is meant, we will mention two or three, where a dozen could as easily be named. Mr. ELIHU ROOT would conduct the office with brilliant ability. Mr. VICTOR MORAWETZ, the highest authority on corporation law in the country, and also a very able business man, is another illustration of what is needed. Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, who by a long distance leads the Pennsylvania bar, and also has what is probably the most important practice before the United States Supreme Court, is another. The difficulty is not in naming such men, but in inducing one of the very best to do the work. The President, however, appreciating the significance of the trust problem for many years to come, is likely, if a change comes, to fill the office on the highest legal and executive considerations, without allowing local politics to figure in any way.

IT WILL TAKE A STATESMAN not only with a forcible character, but with a gift for clear reasoning about financial matters, to make any general breach in our present tariff, buttressed as it is by so many interests which have prospered on account of it. Certain things, however, may be accomplished, without a general readjustment. Mr. DOUGLAS summed up the result in Massachusetts thus: "My election means the first gun in a battle for reciprocity and tariff relief. I was elected as a result of the aroused feeling of this State on the subject. It was broader than a labor movement. My vote was uniform throughout the farming and textile mills sections. Many Republican business men here in Boston voted for me. My election was distinctly the verdict of this State that we must have reciprocity and reduced tariff." He

**THE TARIFF
OUTLOOK**

added that with a candidate who could have made a similar fight on trusts and the tariff, the Democrats might have won the Presidential fight. Doubtless in that statement he exaggerated, but none the less tariff questions are suddenly becoming more alive than anybody expected them to be. If any change is made, within a moderate time, it will probably be in reciprocity, but it is to be remembered that Mr. HAY has negotiated some two dozen reciprocity treaties which have been thrown out in the Senate, and that noble body represents particular aggregations of property to-day as much as it ever has represented them. Probably the tax on books and art will be removed at the first convenient opportunity. The Philippine question is partly one of tariff duties, and it is one on which the conscience of the people is dissatisfied. The American Government has been plausibly charged with bothering too much about politics and education in those islands, and too little about industry, which is at the basis of all civilized existence. The method of government is fairly acceptable

to a large majority of fair-minded judges. The industrial situation is not satisfactory to anybody. As long as laws made by us tend to retard the economic progress of the islands an obvious sin will remain upon our heads. That is the most immediate tariff question. Next to that comes reciprocity with our neighbors, Canada, Mexico, and Newfoundland.

THE COOPER BILL, now before Congress, backed by Governors LA FOLLETTE, VAN SANT, and CUMMINS, brings forward the question of the best method of regulating railways. It is one thing to prevent combinations, which was the issue in the Northern Securities case. It is a different thing to check extortion by controlling rates. The regulation of charges is looked upon by most experts, including liberal-minded traffic men themselves, as the more promising solution, with greater advantages and fewer harms than interference with combination. In directly productive business, as in the case of sugar, oil, or beef, competition is a good thing, and monopoly an evil. Transportation, however, is wasteful unless it is monopoly, and the problem is not to keep alive parallel fighting lines, but to secure good and cheap service from a single line. The relation which rates bear to prosperity causes profound conflicts of interest. One town may be ruined and another made by a slight shading in rates of carriage. The coal business may boom in one part of the country and die in another, unless rates are so arranged as to equalize the resulting price at the great centres. Take the soft coal problem as it is faced by the Pennsylvania system. The Pennsylvania controls the Baltimore & Ohio and the Norfolk & Western, and, jointly with the New York Central, it controls also the Chesapeake & Ohio and Philadelphia & Reading. The New York Central also controls the Beech Creek. These roads carry soft coal from widely scattered points, south and west, to the Atlantic seaboard. The railroads, by their command of cars as well as rates, regulate the output and the price from all these points, which are in direct competition, although they reach the centres from such opposite directions. As far as such a great combination raises the price of a necessity of life, it is an evil, and there comes in the need of regulation. As far, however, as it enables competing interests to work out their complex affairs satisfactorily, it fills a natural need. The merits of this particular QUARLES-COOPER bill we shall consider from time to time. At present we shall only observe that the general newspaper statements of its proposed effect are incorrect. It is not accurate to say that the Supreme Court took away powers from the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a matter of fact, the Commission itself, when first constituted (Judge COOLEY and Mr. WALKER then being members of the Commission), reached the conclusion that it had not the power to fix rates. Subsequently the Commission took a different view, and when the case came up before the Supreme Court of the United States, the latter decided that the view of the Commission when Judge COOLEY was its leading member was the correct one and that Congress had never given to the Commission power to fix rates.

**REGULATING
RAILWAYS**

EACH WEEK THAT PASSES shows Mr. BRYAN's unfitness to make any good out of the shattered Democracy. Instead of progressing to a point where he might so grasp the principles of change as to unite all or many of the non-conservative elements of the population, he relies upon an extreme expression of the kind of radicalism for which he has been twice overwhelmingly rejected. His talk is bound to make thousands of traditional Democrats realize how much wiser and truer a Democrat Mr. ROOSEVELT is than the man whose soul seems so bent upon proving that his silver ideas are still matters of public principle instead of private folly, and so bent upon doing what he can to shatter the Federal judiciary. Instead of helping to create a division in which people of clear heads and common-sense can be at home in the more liberal party, his activities now tend toward making 1908 another walkover by identifying one organization with muddle-headed discontent, of a brand much more European than American. The Democratic opportunity is great. The independent voter showed his increasing alertness in Missouri, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Colorado, Montana, Minnesota, Michigan, and indeed, to a certain extent, in nearly all the States. If Mr. BRYAN interprets such signs as a desire to go back and declare that he was infallible and inspired in 1896 and 1900, he would serve his party best by step-

**BRYAN
RAMPANT**



ping over to Mr. DEBS, taking, if possible, Mr. HEARST along with him. He is now elaborately trying to destroy one of the foundations of the system under which we have done fairly well by approving everything that would reduce the judiciary to a nullity. He doesn't seem to know a real American issue when he sees it. If he wishes to make a United States Supreme Court Judge as much the creature of some constituents, as dependent for his station on the accidents of popularity, as an alderman or a ward leader, he may be able to hinder the growth of a successfully liberal party. He will certainly not increase the trust which the American people are willing to repose in him.

A RUSSIAN GRAND DUKE meets the views of the people of his country by a genial observation: "These peasants think, I suppose, that Russia exists for them, as a dog does for its fleas." Which means that the Russian people are now desiring a voice in their affairs so modest and small that in America the necessity of the request seems almost ridiculous. The Empress is afraid that if the people are given any more liberty they will explode bombs on her infant son. Up in Canada dwells a philosopher who looks upon democracy in America much as the Grand Duke aforesaid and the Empress look upon Russian stirrings for self-government. Mr., or Professor, GOLDWIN SMITH of Toronto is distressed at our elections. "It is," he says, "with regard to the form provided

JEREMIADS work of the fathers has most signally and, perhaps, most unhappily failed. Their intention was that the President should be elected by chosen bodies of select and responsible citizens." Since the people have taken the nominations into their own hands, and made the electors mere registers of their will, Mr. SMITH thinks the result has been "a process of national agitation and conflict which sets at work all the forces of political intrigue and corruption on the most enormous scale, besides filling the country with passions almost as violent and anti-social as those of civil war. The qualification for the nomination is no longer eminence, but availability. It is not a question which man is most worthy of public confidence, but which man can carry New York or Ohio." The last election indicated that coming from a doubtful State will count less hereafter, and the rest of Mr. SMITH's jeremiad is about as sensible as the epigram of the Russian Grand Duke.

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACES, which are on the horizon again, stand high in the list of unexcused brutalities. Delicate natures object to football, a sport which may need further change of rules, but which is full of excellent training for participants and of normal and wholesome interest for observers. Some people would take all violence out of life and make the small boy identical in spirit with an anemic girl. There is a middle way between being squeamish and being callous, and any middle way whatever would condemn the six-day bicycle struggles, which are dependent for the excitement they create not on skill, beauty, or any healthy element whatever, but on the morbid instincts which are pleased

when a man's eyes bulge in his head from exhaustion, when his veins are swollen, and blood spurts from his nose. An ordinance was introduced in New York providing that "hereafter, in any bicycle race, or other contest of speed, skill, or endurance, it shall be unlawful for any contestant to continue in any such race or contest for a longer time than three hours during any twenty-four hours." Some such provision would be a step in a good direction. Long-distance bicycle riding is the most brutal exhibition now allowed in the United States by law. Prize-fighting has more science. Bull-fighting has at least something of the dramatic and the picturesque. To watch men driven by drugs and desperation around a ring until they drop, brings out some of the most degraded attributes for which humanity has to blush. Prohibition of such exhibited brutality would be warmly supported by enlightened public opinion.

AS A BUYER OF ART WORKS Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has deserved well of his country. As a reorganizer of the Metropolitan Museum everybody expects him to succeed brilliantly. He knows men, he is an expert in organization, and he wishes that the United States shall possess as much as possible of what great art is purchacable. If our profound representatives at Washington would take off their benighted tax on a branch of education which their suspicious minds still view with distrust, Mr. MORGAN

would do still more privately for beauty in America than he has already done. The Metropolitan, however, is so wealthy and so influential that it offers greater opportunities than any individual enterprise. The vacancy in the directorship creates a situation which has been looked forward to with mingled feelings. The board of trustees contains notable fossils, whose past influence has been bad and whose future decisions have been feared. The selection of Mr. MORGAN for the controlling function is a scarcely expected exhibition of intelligence. He may fail, of course, in choosing the right man, but failure is not expected of him. The position of director is so full of possibilities for expanding and improving knowledge and interests in America that some of the best qualified men in the world would gladly take it. Mr. MORGAN, not a great expert in art matters himself, probably knows what principles to apply. He knows the few American painters, sculptors, and architects who by common consent stand in a class by themselves. A selection which will receive the approval of those men will be successful. A selection which will displease them and satisfy some business men, and some unsuccessful and querulous artists, will mean the continuance of evils under which the educated public has chafed long enough.

MR. MORGAN'S OPPORTUNITY

IN ACTING THE NERVES are subjected to a heavier strain than in most other arts, because the medium in which the actor expresses himself is not paint or marble or written words, but his own body. To do his work well he may need to be keyed to the highest nervous tension, and yet if he is keyed too high he may lose by strain and exaggeration. Good and bad first nighters are familiar categories in theatrical language. There are probably a majority who thrive on special excitement, like a first night, which rather helps their performance, as the monotony of repetition renders it mechanical. As calm a nature as COQUELIN's, for example, would be about the same at one performance as at another. DUSE would differ much from night to night. FIRST NIGHTS Mrs. FISKE is, relatively to her talent and her permanent level, the worst first nighter we know. Seeing her Hedda Gabler on the opening night last season, we were disappointed by a lack of thoroughness and of distinct characterization; seeing it again this year, at a matinee, we thought it immeasurably ahead of any other Hedda, and captivating in its dash, light and shade, and buoyant intelligence. And this first-night panic—or whatever it is—comes with every part she plays. Such inequalities might be supposed to count for much in reputation, but the effect on the world's judgment is less than would be expected. In acting, as in most things, what really counts is what merit there is in us, not our minor vacillations.

SCEPTICISM AND CREDULITY may each be destructive to knowledge and understanding. After a reference to the celebrated medium, Mrs. PIPER, some weeks ago, we received elaborate epistolary demonstrations that her supposed performances are scientifically impossible. Scepticism in its proper sense is necessary to clear thought, but scepticism as mere disbelief of what is not understood is as stupid as the blindest superstition. Mrs. PIPER is about the only medium that the scientific bodies have found very satisfactory, and if they have not learned anything precise from her they have at least received light upon the limits and boundaries of knowledge, which is in itself profitable enlightenment. It might be natural to laugh upon observing that Englishmen eminent in various directions, and including GEORGE MEREDITH, ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, the Bishop of Exeter, OSCAR BROWNING, and the student of phrenology and hypnotism, Dr. HOLLANDER, have founded a society with so large a purpose as "the study of human nature, not through any one department of science, but, by taking from all its different branches the most practical and useful, to arrive at a knowledge of the intellect and character of man and the laws which govern their manifestation." It might be natural to laugh, but it would not be judicious to do so, for a respect for the complex and unknown elements of human nature is a useful adjunct to the narrower scientific spirit. It is difficult to write upon this topic without quoting Hamlet's remark to Horatio, but we refrain, although agreeing with Hamlet perfectly. Much that used to be vaguely dismissed as imaginary is now clearly grasped by physiological psychology. Science has killed many strange beliefs, but created others which are not less strange.

HUMAN NATURE



THE BURNING SHIP

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CYRUS CUNEO

THE REAPPEARANCE of RAFFLES the A MATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. HORNUNG

Author of "The Amateur Cracksman," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," "The Rogue's March," etc.

This is the first of a new series of ten stories by the author of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," telling of the further adventures of this elegant and versatile rogue. While each story is complete in itself, all will have the same hero and many of the same characters. The second tale, "The Chest of Silver," will be published in Collier's for January 21, 1905; the third story will appear in the March Household Number, February 25, and the others in successive Household Numbers.

I.—OUT OF PARADISE

IF I must tell more tales of Raffles, I can but go back to our earliest days together, and fill in the blanks left by discretion in existing annals. In so doing I may indeed fill some small part of an infinitely greater blank, across which you may conceive me to have stretched my canvas for a first frank portrait of my friend. The whole truth can not harm him now. I shall paint in every wart. Raffles was a villain, when all is written; it is no service to his memory to glaze the fact; yet I have done so myself before to-day. I have omitted whole heinous episodes. I have dwelt unduly on the redeeming side. And this I may do again, blinded even as I write by the gallant glamor that made my villain more to me than any hero. But at least there shall be no more reservations, and as an earnest I shall make no further secret of the greatest wrong that even Raffles ever did me.

I pick my words with care and pain, loyal as I still would be to my friend, and yet remembering as I must those Ides of March when he led me blindfold into temptation and crime. That was an ugly office, if you will. It was a moral bagatelle to the treacherous trick he was to play me a few weeks later. The second offence, on the other hand, was to prove the less serious of the two against society, and might in itself have been published to the world years ago. There have been private reasons for my reticence. The affair was not only too intimately mine, and too discreditably to Raffles. One other was involved in it, one dearer to me than Raffles himself, one whose name shall not even now be sullied by association with ours.

Suffice it that I had been engaged to her before that mad March deed. True, her people called it "an understanding," and frowned even upon that, as well they might. But their authority was not direct; we bowed to it as an act of politic grace; between us, all was well but my unworthiness. That may be gauged when I confess that this was how the matter stood on the night I gave a worthless check for my losses at baccarat, and afterward turned to Raffles in my need. Even after that I saw her sometimes. But I let her guess that there was more upon my soul than she must ever share, and at last I had written to end it all. I remember that week so well! It was the close of such a May as we have never had since, and I was too miserable even to follow the heavy scoring in the papers! Raffles was the only man who could get a wicket up at Lord's and I never once went to see him play. Against Yorkshire, however, he helped himself to a hundred runs as well; and that brought Raffles round to me on his way home to the Albany.

"We must dine and celebrate the rare event," said he. "A century takes it out of one at my time of life; and you, Bunny, you look quite as much in need of your end of a worthy bottle. Suppose we make it the Café Royal, and eight sharp? I'll be there first to fix up the table and the wine."

And at the Café Royal I incontinently told him of the trouble I was in. It was the first he had ever heard of my affair, and I told him all, though not before our bottle had been succeeded by an imperial pint of the same exemplary brand. Raffles heard me out with grave attention. His sympathy was the more grateful for the tactful brevity with which it was indicated rather than expressed. He only wished that I had told him of this complication in the beginning; as I had not, he agreed with me that the only course was a candid and complete renunciation. It was not as though my divinity had a penny of her own, or I could earn an honest one. I had explained to Raffles that she was an orphan, who spent most of her time with an aristocratic

aunt in the country, and the remainder under the repressive roof of a pompous politician in Palace Gardens. The aunt had, I believed, still a sneaking softness for me; but her illustrious brother had set his face against me from the first.

"Hector Carruthers," murmured Raffles, repeating the detested name with his clear cold eye on mine. "I suppose you haven't seen much of him?"

"Not a thing for ages," I replied. "I was at the house two or three days last year, but they've neither asked me since nor been at home to me when I've called. The old beast seems a judge of men!"

And I laughed bitterly in my glass.

"Nice house?" said Raffles, glancing at himself in his silver cigarette-case.

"Top shelf," said I. "You know the houses in Palace Gardens, don't you?"

"Not so well as I should like to know them, Bunny."

"Well, it's the best of the lot, and a perfect museum inside. The old ruffian is as rich as Cræsus. It's the palace of a prince."

"What about the window fastenings?" asked Raffles, casually.

I recoiled from the open cigarette-case that he proffered as he spoke. Our eyes met; and in his there was that starry twinkle of mirth and mischief, that sunny beam of audacious devilment, which had been my undoing two months before, which was to undo me as often as he chose until the chapter's end. Yet for once I withstood its glamor; for once I turned aside that luminous glance with front of steel. There was no need for him to voice his plans. I read them all between the strong lines of his smiling, eager face. And I pushed back my chair in the equal eagerness of my own resolve.

"Not if I know it!" said I. "A house I've dined in—a house I've seen her in—a house where she stays by the month together! Don't put it into words, Raffles, or I'll get up and go."

"You mustn't do that before the coffee and liqueur," said Raffles, laughing. "Have a small Sullivan first: it's the royal road to a cigar. And now let me observe that your scruples would do you honor if old Carruthers still lived in the house in question."

"Do you mean to say he doesn't?"

Raffles struck a match and handed it first to me. "I mean to say, my dear Bunny, that Palace Gardens knows the very name no more. You began by telling me you had heard nothing of these people all this year. That's quite enough to account for our little misunderstanding. I was thinking of the house, and you were thinking of the people in the house."

"But who are they, Raffles? Who has taken the house, if old Carruthers has moved, and how do you know that it is still worth a visit?"

"In answer to your first question, Lord Lochmaben," replied Raffles, blowing bracelets of smoke toward the ceiling. "You look as though you had never heard of him; but as the cricket and racing are the only parts of your paper that you condescend to read, you can't be expected to keep track of all the peers created in your time. Your other question is not worth answering. How do you suppose that I know these things? It's my business to get to know them, and that's all there is to it. As a matter of fact, Lady Lochmaben has just as good diamonds as Mrs. Carruthers ever had; and the chances are that she keeps them where Mrs. Carruthers kept hers, if you could enlighten me on that point."

As it happened, I could, since I knew from his niece that it was one on which Mr. Carruthers had been a faddist in his time. He had made quite a study of the cracksman's craft, in a resolve to circumvent it with his own. I remembered myself how the ground floor windows were elaborately bolted and shuttered, and how the doors of all the rooms opening upon the square inner hall were fitted with extra Yale locks at an unlikely height, not to be discovered by one within the room. It had been the butler's business to turn and to collect all these keys before retiring for the night. But the key of the safe in the study was supposed to be in the jealous keeping of the master of the house himself. That safe was in its turn so ingeniously hidden that I

never should have found it for myself. I well remember how one who showed it to me (in the innocence of her heart) laughed as she assured me that even her little trinkets were solemnly locked up in it every night. It had been let into the wall behind one end of the bookcase expressly to preserve the barbaric splendor of Mrs. Carruthers; without a doubt these Lochmabens would use it for the same purpose; and in the altered circumstances I had no hesitation in giving Raffles all the information he desired. I even drew him a rough plan of the ground floor on the back of my menu card.

"It was rather clever of you to notice the kind of locks on the inner doors," he remarked as he put it in his pocket. "I suppose you don't remember if it was a Yale on the front door as well?"

"It was not," I was able to answer quite promptly. "I happen to know because I once had the key when—when we went to a theatre together."

"Thank you, old chap," said Raffles sympathetically. "That's all I shall want from you, Bunny, my boy. There's no night like to-night!"

It was one of his sayings when bent upon his worst. I looked at him aghast. Our cigars were just in blast, yet already he was signaling for his bill. It was impossible to remonstrate with him until we were both outside in the street.

"I'm coming with you," said I, running my arm through his.

"Nonsense, Bunny!"

"Why is it nonsense? I know every inch of the ground, and since the house has changed hands, I have



In another minute we were at work upon the study door

no compunction. Besides, 'I have been there' in the other sense as well; once a thief, you know! In for a penny, in for a pound!"

It was ever my mood when the blood was up. But my old friend failed to appreciate the characteristic, as he usually did. We crossed Regent Street in silence. I had to catch his sleeve to keep a hand in his inhospitable arm.

"I really think you had better stay away," said Raffles as we reached the other curb. "I've no use for you this time."

"Yet I thought I had been so useful up to now?"

"That may be, Bunny, but I tell you frankly I don't want you to-night."

"Yet I know the ground, and you don't! I tell you what," said I: "I'll come just to show you the ropes, and I won't take a pennyweight of the swag."

Such was the teasing fashion in which he invariably prevailed upon me; it was delightful to note how it caused him to yield in his turn. But Raffles had the grace to give in with a laugh, whereas I too often lost my temper with my point.

"You little rabbit!" he chuckled. "You shall have your share, whether you come or not; but, seriously, don't you think you might remember the girl?"

"What's the use?" I groaned. "You agree there is nothing for it but to give her up. I am glad to say I saw that for myself before I asked you, and wrote to tell her so on Sunday. Now it's Wednesday, and she hasn't answered by line or sign. It's waiting for one word from her that's driving me mad!"

"Perhaps you wrote to Palace Gardens?"

"No, I sent it to the country. There's been time for an answer, wherever she may be."

We had reached the Albany, and halted with one accord at the Piccadilly portico, red cigar to red cigar.

"You wouldn't like to go and see if the answer's in your rooms?" he asked.

"No. What's the good? Where's the point in giving her up if I'm going to straighten out when it's too late? It is too late, I have given her up, and I am coming with you!"

The hand that bowled the most puzzling ball in England (once it found its length) descended on my shoulder with surprising promptitude.

"Very well, Bunny! That's finished; but your blood be on your own pate if evil comes of it. Meanwhile we can't do better than turn in here till you have finished your cigar as it deserves, and topped up with such a cup of tea as you must learn to like if you hope to get on in your new profession. And when the hours are small enough, Bunny, my boy, I don't mind admitting I shall be very glad to have you with me."

I have a vivid memory of the interim in his rooms. I think it must have been the first and last of its kind that I was called upon to sustain with so much knowledge of what lay before me. I passed the time with one restless eye upon the clock, and the other on the Tantalus which Raffles ruthlessly declined to unlock. He admitted that it was like waiting with one's pads on; and in my slender experience of the game of which he was a world's master, that was an ordeal not to be endured without a general quaking of the inner man. I was, on the other hand, all right when I got to the metaphorical wicket; and half the surprises that Raffles sprung on me were doubtless due to his early recognition of the fact.

On this occasion I fell swiftly and hopelessly out of love with the prospect I had so gratuitously embraced. It was not only my repugnance to enter that house in that way, which grew upon my better judgment as the artificial enthusiasm of the evening evaporated from my veins. Strong as that repugnance became, I had an even stronger feeling that we were embarking on an important enterprise far too much upon the spur of the moment. The latter qualm I had the temerity to confess to Raffles; nor have I often loved him more than when he freely admitted it to be the most natural feeling in the world. He assured me, however, that he had had my Lady Lochmaben and her jewels in his mind for several months; he had sat behind them at first nights, and long ago determined what to take and to reject; in fine, he had only been waiting for those topographical details which it had been my chance privilege to supply. I now learned that he had numerous houses in a similar state upon his list; something or other was wanting in each case in order to complete his plans. In that of the Bond Street jeweler it was a trusty accomplice; in the present instance, a more intimate knowledge of the house. And lastly this was a Wednesday night, when the tired legislator gets early to his bed.

How I wish I could make the whole world see and hear him, and smell the smoke of his beloved Sullivan, as he took me into these the secrets of his infamous trade! Neither look nor language would betray the infamy. As a mere talker, I shall never listen to the like of Raffles on this side of the sod; and his talk was seldom garnished by an oath, never in my remembrance by the unclean word. Then he looked like a man who had dressed to dine out, not like one who had long since dined; for his curly hair, though longer than another's, was never untidy in its length; and these were

the days when it was still far from white. Nor were there many lines as yet upon the smooth and mobile face; and its frame was still that dear den of disorder and good taste, with the carved bookcase, the dresser, and chests of still older oak, and the Wattses and Rossettis hung anyhow on the walls.

It must have been one o'clock before we drove in a hansom as far as Kensington Church, instead of getting down at the gates of our private road to ruin. Constitutionally shy of the direct approach, Raffles was further deterred by a ball in full swing at the Empress Rooms, whence potential witnesses were pouring between dances into the cool deserted street. Instead he led me a little way up Church Street, and so through the narrow passage into Palace Gardens. He knew the house as well as I did. We made our first survey from the other side of the road. The house was not quite in darkness; there was a dim light over the door, a brighter one in the stables, further back from the road.



I think she must have seen us, even in the dim light

"That's a bit of a bore," said Raffles. "The ladies have been out somewhere—trust them to spoil the show! They would get to bed before the stable folk, but insomnia is the curse of their sex and our profession. Somebody's not home yet; that will be the son of the house; but he's a beauty, who may not come home at all."

"Another Alick Carruthers," I murmured, recalling the one I liked least of all the household as I remembered it.

"They might be brothers," rejoined Raffles, who knew all the loose fish about town. "Well, I'm not sure that I shall want you after all, Bunny."

"Why not?"

"If the front door's only on the latch, and you're right about the lock, I shall walk in as though I were the son of the house myself."

And he jingled the skeleton that he carried on a chain as honest men carry their latches.

"You forget the inner doors and the safe."

"True, you might be useful to me there. But I still don't like leading you in where it isn't absolutely necessary, Bunny."

"Then let me lead you," I answered, and forthwith marched across the broad, secluded road, with the great houses standing back on either side in their ample gardens, as though the one opposite belonged to me. I thought Raffles had stayed behind, for I never heard him at my heels, yet there he was when I turned round at the gate.

"I must teach you the step," he whispered, shaking his head. "You shouldn't use your heel at all. Here's a grass border for you: walk it as you would the plank! Gravel makes a noise, and flower-beds tell a tale. Wait—I'm going to carry you across this!"

It was the sweep of the drive, and in the dim light from above the door, the soft gravel, plowed into ridges by the night's wheels, threatened an alarm at

every step. Yet Raffles, with me in his arms, crossed the zone of peril softly as the pard.

"Shoes in your pocket—that's the beauty of pumps!" he whispered on the step; his light bunch tinkled faintly; a couple of keys he stooped and tried, with the touch of a humane dentist; the third let us into the porch. And as we stood together on the mat, as he was gradually closing the door, a clock within chimed a half-hour in fashion so thrillingly familiar to me that I caught Raffles by the arm. My half-hours of happiness had flown to just such chimes! I looked wildly about me in the dim light. Hat-stand and oak settee belonged equally to my past. And Raffles was smiling in my face as he held the door wide for my escape.

"You told me a lie!" I gasped in whispers.

"I did nothing of the sort," he replied. "The furniture's the furniture of Hector Carruthers, but the house is the house of Lord Lochmaben. Look here!"

He had stooped, and was smoothing out the discarded envelope of a telegram. "Lord Lochmaben," I read in pencil by the dim light; and the case was plain to me on the spot. My friends had let their house, furnished, as anybody but Raffles would have explained to me in the beginning.

"All right," I said. "Shut the door." And he not only shut it without a sound, but drew a bolt that might have been sheathed in rubber.

In another minute we were at work upon the study door, I with the tiny lantern and the bottle of rock-oil, he with the brace and the largest bit. The Yale lock he had given up at a glance. It was placed high up in the door, feet above the handle, and the chain of holes with which Raffles had soon surrounded it were bored on a level with his eyes. Yet the clock in the hall chimed again, and two ringing strokes resounded through the silent house before we gained admittance to the room.

Raffles' next care was to muffle the bell on the shuttered window (with a silk handkerchief from the hat-stand) and to prepare an emergency exit by opening first the shutters and then the window itself. Luckily it was a still night, and very little wind came in to embarrass us. He then began operations on the safe, revealed by me behind its folding screen of books, while I stood sentry on the threshold. I may have stood there for a dozen minutes, listening to the loud hall clock, and to the gentle dentistry of Raffles in the mouth of the safe behind me, when a third sound thrilled my every nerve. It was the equally cautious opening of a door in the gallery overhead.

I moistened my lips to whisper a word of warning to Raffles. But his ears had been as quick as mine, and something longer. His lantern darkened as I turned my head; next moment I felt his breath upon the back of my neck. It was now too late even for a whisper, and quite out of the question to close the mutilated door. There we could only stand, I on the threshold, Raffles at my elbow, while one carrying a candle crept down the stairs.

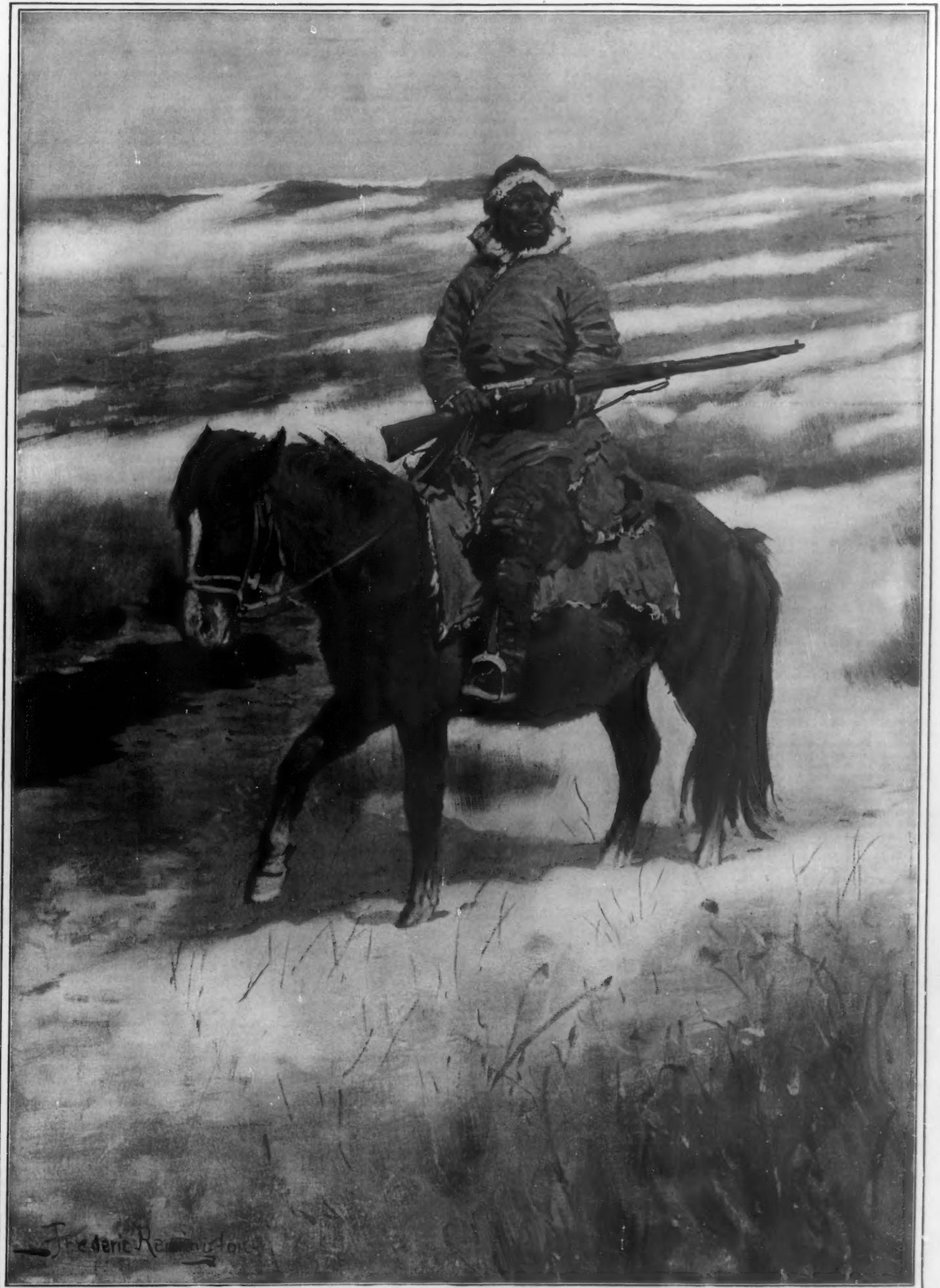
The study door was at right angles to the lowest flight, and just to the right of one alighting in the hall. It was thus impossible for us to see who it was until the person was close abreast of us; but by the rustle of the gown we knew that it was one of the ladies, and dressed just as she had come from theatre or ball. Insensibly I drew back as the candle swam into our field of vision: it had not traversed many inches when a hand was clapped firmly but silently across my mouth.

I could forgive Raffles for that, at any rate! In another breath I should have cried aloud; for the girl with the candle, the girl in her ball-dress at dead of night, the girl with the letter for the post, was the last girl on God's wide earth whom I should have chosen thus to encounter—a midnight intruder in the very house where I had been reluctantly received on her account!

I forgot Raffles. I forgot the new and unforgivable grudge I had against him now. I forgot his very hand across my mouth, even before he paid me the compliment of removing it. There was the only girl in all my world; I had eyes and brains for no one and for nothing else. She had neither seen nor heard us, had looked neither to the right hand nor the left. But a small oak table stood on the opposite side of the hall; it was to this table that she went. On it was one of those boxes in which one puts one's letters for the post; and she stooped to read by her candle the times at which this box was cleared.

The loud clock ticked and ticked. She was standing at her full height now, her candle on the table, her letter in both hands, and in her downcast face a sweet and pitiful perplexity that drew the tears to my eyes. Through a film I saw her open the envelope so lately sealed, and read her letter once more, as though she would have altered it a little at the last. It was too late for that; but of a sudden she plucked a rose from her bosom, and was pressing it in with her letter when I groaned aloud.

How could I help it? The letter was for me: of that I was as sure as though I had been looking over her shoulder. She was as true as tempered steel; there were not two of us to whom she wrote and sent roses at dead of night. It was her one chance of writing to me. None would know that she had written. And she



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A MANCHURIAN BANDIT

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

care enough to soften the reproaches I had richly earned with a red rose warm from her own warm heart. And there, and there was I, a common thief who had broken in to steal! Yet I was unaware that I had uttered a sound until she looked up, startled, and the hands behind me pinned me where I stood.

I think she must have seen us, even in the dim light of the solitary candle. Yet not a sound escaped her as she peered courageously in our direction; neither did one of us move; but the hall clock went on and on, every tick like the beat of a drum to bring the house about our ears, until a minute must have passed as in some breathless dream. And then came the awakening—with such a knocking and a ringing at the front door as brought all three of us to our senses on the spot.

"The son of the house!" whispered Raffles in my ear, as he dragged me back to the window he had left open for our escape. But as he leaped out first a sharp cry stopped me at the sill. "Get back! Get back! We're trapped!" he cried; and in the single second that I stood there, I saw him fell one officer to the ground, and dash across the lawn with another at his heels. A third came running up to the window. What could I do but dash back into the house? And there in the hall I met my lost love face to face.

Till that moment she had not recognized me. I ran to catch her as she all but fell. And my touch repelled her into life, so that she shook me off, and stood gasping. "You, of all men! You, of all men!" until I could bear it no more, but broke again for the study window. "Not that way—not that way!" she cried in an agony at that. Her hands were upon me now. "In there, in there!" she whispered, pointing and pulling me to a mere cupboard under the stairs, where hats and coats were hung, and it was she who shut the door on me with a sob.

Doors were already opening overhead, voices calling, voices answering, the alarm running like wildfire from room to room. Soft feet pattered in the gallery and down the stairs about my very ears. I do not know what made me put on my own shoes as I heard them, but I think that I was ready and even longing to walk out and give myself up. I need not say what and who it was that alone restrained me. I heard her name. I heard them crying to her as though she had fainted. I recognized the detested voice of my *bête noir*, Alick Carruthers, thick as might be expected of the dissipated dog, yet daring to stutter out her name. And then I heard, without catching, her low reply; it was in answer to the somewhat stern questioning of quite another voice; and from what followed I knew that she had never fainted at all.

"Upstairs, miss, did he? Are you sure?" I did not hear her answer. I conceived her as simply pointing up the stairs. In any case, about my very ears once more, there now followed such a patter and tramp of bare and booted feet as renewed in me a base fear for my own skin. But voices and feet passed over my head, went up and up, higher and higher; and I was wondering whether or not to make a dash for it, when one light pair came running down again, and in very despair I marched out to meet my preserver, looking as little as I could like the abject thing I felt.

"Be quick!" she cried in a harsh whisper, and pointed peremptorily to the porch.

But I stood stubbornly before her, my heart hardened by her hardness, and perversely indifferent to all else. And as I stood I saw the letter she had written, in the hand with which she pointed, crushed into a ball.

"Quickly!" She stamped her foot. "Quickly—if you ever cared!"

This in a whisper, without bitterness, without contempt, but with a sudden wild entreaty that breathed upon the dying embers of my poor manhood. I drew myself together for the last time in her sight. I turned, and left her as she wished—for her sake, not for mine. And as I went I heard her tearing her letter into little pieces, and the little pieces falling on the floor.

Then I remembered Raffles, and could have killed him for what he had done. Doubtless by this time he was safe and snug in the Albany; what did my fate matter to him? Never mind; this should be the end between him and me as well; it was the end of everything, this dark night's work! I should go and tell him so. I should jump into a cab and drive there and then to his accursed rooms. But first I must escape from the trap in which he had been so ready to leave me. Yet on the very steps I gave up the thought. They were searching the shrubberies between the drive and the road; a policeman's lantern kept flashing in and out among the laurels, while a young man in evening clothes directed him from the gravel sweep. It was this young man whom I must dodge, but at my first step in the gravel he wheeled round, and it was Raffles himself.

"Hulloa!" he cried. "So you've come up to join the dance as well! Had a look inside, have you? You'll be better employed in helping to draw the cover in front here. It's all right, officer—only another gentleman from the Empress Rooms!"

And we made a brave show of assisting in the futile search until the arrival of more police, and a broad

hint from an irritable sergeant, gave us an excellent excuse for going off arm-in-arm. But it was Raffles who had thrust his arm through mine. I shook him off as we left the scene of shame behind.

"My dear Bunny!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what brought me back?"

I answered savagely that I neither knew nor cared. "I had the very devil of a squeak for it," he went on. "I did the hurdles over two or three garden walls, but so did the flyer who was on my tracks, and he drove me back into the straight and down to High Street like any lamplighter. If he had only had the breath to sing out it would have been all up with me then; as it was, I pulled off my coat the moment I was round the corner, and took a ticket for it at the Empress Rooms."

"I suppose you had one for the dance that was going on," I growled. Nor would it have been a coincidence for Raffles to have had a ticket for that or any other entertainment of the London season.

"I never asked what the dance was," he returned. "I merely took the opportunity of revising my toilet, and getting rid of that rather distinctive overcoat, which I shall call for now. They're not too particular at such stages of such proceedings, but I've no doubt I should have seen some one I knew if I had gone right

her whom I had lost, through him, forever. As I ended we turned into High Street; in the prevailing stillness, the faint strains of the band reached us from the Empress Rooms; and I hailed a crawling hansom as Raffles turned that way.

"Bunny," said he, "it's no use saying I'm sorry. Sorrow adds insult in a case like this—if ever there was or will be such another! Only believe me, Bunny, when I swear to you that I had not the smallest shadow of a suspicion that *she* was in the house."

And in my heart of hearts I did believe him; but I could not bring myself to say the words.

"You told me yourself that you had written to her in the country," he pursued.

"And that letter!" I rejoined, in a fresh wave of bitterness: "that letter she had written at dead of night, and stolen down to post, it was the one I have been waiting for all these days! I should have got it to-morrow. Now I shall never get it, never hear from her again, nor have another chance in this world or in the next. I don't say it was all your fault. You no more knew that she was there than I did. But you told me a deliberate lie about her people, and that I never shall forgive!"

I spoke as vehemently as I could under my breath. The hansom was waiting at the curb.

"I can say no more than I have said," returned Raffles with a shrug. "Lie or no lie, I didn't tell it to bring you with me, but to get you to give me certain information without feeling a beast about it. But, as a matter of fact, it was no lie about old Hector Carruthers and Lord Lochmaben, and anybody but you would have guessed the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"I as good as told you, Bunny, again and again."

"Then tell me now."

"If you read your paper there would be no need; but if you want to know, old Carruthers headed the list of the Birthday Honors, and Lord Lochmaben is the title of his choice."

And this miserable quibble was not a lie! My lip curled, I turned my back without a word, and drove home to my Mount Street flat in a new fury of savage scorn. Not a lie, indeed! It was the one that is half a truth, the meanest lie of all, and the very last to which I could have dreamed that Raffles would stoop. So far there had been a degree of honor between us, if only of the kind understood to obtain between thief and thief.

Now all that was at an end. Raffles had cheated me. Raffles had completed the ruin of my life. I was done with Raffles, as she who shall not be named was done with me.

And yet, even while I blamed him most bitterly, and utterly abominated his deceitful deed, I could not but admit in my heart that the result was out of all proportion to the intent: he had never dreamed of doing me this injury, or indeed any injury at all. Intrinsicly the deceit had been quite venial, the reason for it obviously the reason that Raffles had given me. It was quite true that he had spoken of this Lochmaben peerage as a new creation, and of the heir to it in a fashion only applicable to Alick Carruthers. He had given me hints, which I had been too dense to take, and he had certainly made more than one attempt to deter me from accompanying him on this fatal emprise; had he been more explicit I might have made it my business to deter him. I could not say in my heart that Raffles had failed to satisfy such honor as I might reasonably expect to subsist between us. Yet it seems to me to require a superhuman sanity always and unerringly to separate cause from effect, achievement from intent. And I, for one, was never quite able to do so in this case.

I could not be accused of neglecting my newspaper during the next few wretched days. I read every word that I could find about the attempted jewel-robbery in Palace Gardens, and the reports afforded me my sole comfort. In the first place, it was only an attempted robbery; nothing had been taken, after all. And then—and then—the one member of the household who had come nearest to a personal encounter with either of us was unable to furnish any description of the man—had even expressed a doubt as to any likelihood of identification in the event of an arrest!

I will not say with what mingled feelings I read and dwelt on that announcement. It kept a certain faint glow alive within me until the morning that brought me back the only presents I had ever made her. They were books; jewelry had been frowned on by the authorities. And the books came back without a word, though the parcel was directed in her hand.

I had made up my mind not to go near Raffles again, but in my heart I already regretted my resolve. I had forfeited love, I had sacrificed honor, and now I must deliberately alienate myself from the one being whose society might yet be some recompense for all that I had lost. The situation was aggravated by the state of my exchequer. I expected an ultimatum from my banker by every post. Yet this influence was nothing to the other. It was Raffles I loved. It was not the dark life we led together, still less its base rewards; it was the man himself, his gaiety, his humor, his dazzling audacity, his incomparable courage and resource. And a very horror of turning to him again in mere need or



"Be quick!" she cried in a harsh whisper

in. I might even have had a turn if I had been less uneasy about you, Bunny."

"It was like you to come back to help me out," said I. "But to lie to me, and to inveigle me with your lies into that house of all houses—that was not like you, Raffles—and I never shall forgive it or you!"

Raffles took my arm again. We were near the High Street gates of Palace Gardens, and I was too miserable to resist an advance which I meant never to give him an opportunity to repeat.

"Come, come, Bunny, there wasn't much inveigling about it," said he. "I did my level best to leave you behind, but you wouldn't listen to me."

"If you had told me the truth I should have listened fast enough," I retorted. "But what's the use of talking? You can boast of your own adventures after you bolted. You don't care what happened to me."

"I cared so much that I came back to see."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble! The wrong had been done. Raffles—Raffles—don't you know who she was?"

It was my hand that gripped his arm once more. "I guessed," he answered, gravely enough even for me.

"It was she who saved me, not you," I said. "And that is the bitterest part of all!"

Yet I told him that part with a strange sad pride in

greed set the seal on my first angry resolution. But the anger was soon gone out of me, and when at length Raffles bridged the gap by coming to me, I rose to greet him almost with a shout.

He came as though nothing had happened; and, indeed, not very many days had passed, though they might have been months to me. Yet I fancied the gaze that watched me through our smoke a trifle less sunny than it had been before. And it was a relief to me when he came with few preliminaries to the inevitable point. "Did you ever hear from her, Bunny?" he asked.

"In a way," I answered. "We won't talk about it, if you don't mind, Raffles."

"That sort of way!" he exclaimed. He seemed both surprised and disappointed.

"Yes," I said, "that sort of way. It's finished. What did you expect?"

"I don't know," said Raffles. "I only thought that the girl who went so far to get a fellow out of a tight place might go a little further to keep him from getting into another."

"I don't see why she should," said I, honestly enough, yet with the irritation of an unworthy doubt deep down in my inmost consciousness.

"Yet you did hear from her?" he persisted.

"She sent me back my poor presents, without a word," I said, "if you call that hearing."

I could not bring myself to own to Raffles that I had given her only books. He asked if I was sure

that she had sent them back herself; and that was his last question. My answer was enough for him. And to this day I can not say whether it was more in relief than in regret that he laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"So you are out of Paradise after all!" said Raffles. "I was not sure, or I should have come round before. Well, Bunny, if they don't want you there, there's a little Inferno in the Albany where you'll be as welcome as ever!"

And still, with all the magic mischief of his smile, there was that touch of sadness which I was yet to read aright.



OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG



III.—The Truth About the Mafia

So widespread an interest has been aroused in this series of articles, which throw the first real light on the outrageous conditions existing among the alien criminal classes, that one of the leading publishing houses in New York has obtained the privilege of publishing them in book form. The two preceding articles dealt with naturalization frauds, smuggling, counterfeiting, revenue evasion, and the padroni bankers, and showed this country to be in many respects a veritable felon colony for Europe. The present paper deals with those mysterious murders, kidnappings, and other outrages variously laid to societies called the "Mafia" and the "Black Hand"

A SUBJECT of mystery, lending itself to stirring romance, which finds fresh food almost daily in Italian crimes in the United States, it is not to be wondered at that the "Mafia" is the cause of continual misrepresentation. The press bristles with sensational "Mafia," "Black Hand," and "Camorra" stories. What little attention the public has paid to the terrible influx of alien criminals into the country has been attracted by such things as the crime of the unspeakable beast at Buffalo; by the dastardly work of Brescia and Lucchini, foreign Anarchists, and the countless mysterious outrages among Italians laid to the door of the Mafia and the Black Hand. The condition is bad enough, but our misconception of it is worse, and I hope here to present and support my conviction, arising from my researches, that there is no such thing as an organized criminal secret society or Mafia in this country as yet, but that we are verging on worse things than Campania, Calabria, or Sicily ever knew.

It is difficult for an American to understand the Mafia, not as a society, but as a condition. It is only a name, a class reference, just as are "White Caps," "Hooligans," "Molly McGuire's," and "Ku-Klux" with us. Its age does not add one whit to its definite character, and the very origin of the word is colloquial. It springs from *malviventi* (ones of the evil life), and has its variation in *mafite* (a bad man) and *mafusi* (participants in mafia). These words again have their variations in the dialects of Italia Meridionale, the Calabrese, Basilicatense, Sicilian, Apulian, and Abruzzese.

Given a strong-hearted, hot-blooded race, such as are the black Italians of the south, and then given centuries of oppression, mulcting, malicious injustice from the north, and frequent changes of rulers and codes of laws, landlords, and economic conditions, and it is not surprising that the southern Italian became a social guerrilla in behalf of himself and his kin against the rest of the world. So did the "Moonlighters" in Ireland. Respect for laws which afforded him no protection, whether under Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Norman, Spanish, or French rule, became an unknown quantity. Disregard and contempt grew into a tradition, and not enough years have elapsed since Garibaldi's famous march for freedom to alter the southern nature. If it forbore in patience for centuries before it took to the knife in the terrible "Sicilian Vespers," these latter times of peace and security must as patiently work the reformation. Poverty, such as is incomprehensible in this country, and profound ignorance the statistics of which are appalling, serve to check the development of civic virtues—aided by the oppression of the priesthood and the grinding, crushing *latifonda*: the system of ownership of the land by a few, who compel the many (who must till those lands or starve) to give one-half of the crop for the privilege of producing it. These things have thrown the Italian of the south on the defensive against all men, and Heaven help his oppressors of

the north if ever he takes the aggressive! As a people I have said the worst of them when calling them ignorant and lawless, for the blood which arouses to fierce slaying heat on provocation is by the same token a blood of generous, loving, loyal, and tender hearts. They are industrious, honest, thrifty, eager to learn, keen in judgment, cautious in operations, and tenacious of those ideals common to the Catholic peasantry the world over. I firmly believe that, with proper appreciation and handling, the millions of Italians from the south coming to the United States will form one of our most reliable and conservative classes of general society, but if we continue to treat them as "dirty dagos," pay them for fraudulent naturalization and voting, expose them to the contamination, subversion, and degradation of their own criminal classes, we must expect such abasement of our institutions as the colonial founders never could have foreseen. One man in every ten who comes here as an immigrant had better, for the good of society, be pitched overboard in mid-ocean, for he aborts our benevolent assimilation of the other nine. He is like poison among them, and under our police systems, that are not one-tenth as severe as those of Italy, he fosters crime and thrives on the proceeds. So it will come about that our imported fellow-citizens will take our tools of a beneficent civilization and turn them into weapons against our civic rights, our property, and our lives. They are doing it now.

It is this one man in ten who is *mafite*. When he

comes from the country districts he comes from the *mafia di campagna*, and when he comes from the city he comes from the *mafia di citta*. If he have education, position, wealth, and high skill of legal, literary, medical, or technical sort, he is of the *mafia alta*; if from the classes of the ignorant and poor, he is of the *mafia bassa*.

The *mafia* has no laws, no written records, no membership rolls, and no organization more than comes from force of circumstance. It has no officers except as necessity dictates. Its leaders arise naturally, and its activity is spasmodic. It is at all times opportunist. The man who wishes to retire from the gang to respectability does so without asking consent of his fellows, and all that he need do is keep their secrets and stand ready to afford assistance in time of trouble. There are the following general punitive and other processes which are well understood: murder in order to silence, for punishment, or now and then for moral effect on the public; the alibi established by perjury; the anonymous letter of demand, threat, or warning, and false testimony or silence under all pressure in order to protect a comrade. Louis Troja, the Harlem banker, was killed as an example. Benedetto Madonia, whose body was found in a barrel in New York City, was killed to silence him.

During centuries these were the methods by which oppressed communities defended their rights against injustice and despotism, and, as I have said, age lent them virtue as they became ingrained, inbred, and traditional. Men of position, driven by political pressure, fled to the mountains and became bandits; by reason of superior gifts some became bandit chiefs, with here and there a common man, born a leader, who arose and outshone them all. The law of the knife became as virtuous as the law of the bullet among the mountaineers of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee to-day. There are thousands of men still living in Italy who were members of the bands that held the mountain roads before '70. Many, many of their compatriots are in the United States, and one eminently respectable Italian importer in New York whom I might mention had a name of dread in Basilicata. They called him "Il Lupo" ("The Wolf"), and now he is a member of the Italian Chamber of Commerce. But he is a good citizen.

It is odd, but there is just about one man in a dozen in the white race who is naturally predatory. When Victor Emmanuel won the confidence of reunited Italy, the banditti that had joined Garibaldi and Cavour in 1860, in their marches to the kingdom of Naples, one from the south and the other from the north, went peaceably back to their native valleys and took to the plow. Some few were able to hold to their old pursuits, partly by the fear, partly by the admiration, and mostly by the sympathy, of the countryside. Only in the last few years have they been wiped out. "Biondin" is still active near Biella. It is but yesterday that Giuseppe Musolino was captured,



ROOM IN WHICH THE RIVERDALE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED

Here on the night of September 19, 1904, unknown men shot down three Italians, Bruno, Viruso, and Scaccia, after they had received letters from New York warning them not to proceed on their intended visit to Italy



Both Mr. Gibson and Mr. Frost were asked to contribute to the Holiday Numbers of Collier's, and by a peculiar coincidence the two artists conceived the same idea, each presenting it according to his own conception and in his own peculiar vein. A further coincidence was that each artist wrote the same legend on his drawing—"Home for the Holidays." Mr. Frost's picture was published last week



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E FOR THE HOLIDAYS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING

and, though he is safe in prison, the children cower when their mothers tell that Musolino is coming, and the Italian youth pulsates with a desire to live and be like him.

In the villages of the foothills and the mountain valleys are a handful of men among each hundred who have tasted the wine of outlawry, and, though the watchful carabinieri hold the spirit in check, these little handfuis congregate and relate old tales, now and then dealing out some blow of secret justice—driving a double-edged *coltello* into the breast of some thieving landlord's agent, robbing some wayfarer not careful of his money, blackmailing some well-to-do merchant or professional man, or leading just such movements as end in lynching bees in this country. Who does not recognize the type of men who form a *cosca* or country band of *mafia*?

A Nest of Thieves and Cutthroats

In the city the story is different. There the thieves, forgers, mercenary assassins, counterfeiters, smugglers, and general criminals, following out the lines of the countryside traditions, have their little groups and conduct their nefarious operations. The "Camorra" of Naples was the first crystallization of these criminals into a body that was a general public menace. Men of high place whose names were never known amalgamated the smaller bands. Real organizations were perfected, and in the Vicolo del Pallonetto of the Santa Lucia Quarter was the black heart of the system that plundered the greatest city of Italy for a long period of time. It has left a heritage that the city can not transfer. Naples is still the City of Thieves, and I shall always consider with pride some small share I have had in giving some of her lowest and meanest their partial deserts. The Pallonetto is a street of honest people to-day—that is, as honest as they can be and live in Naples—but in other days there was a story of a body with ghastly *pugnale* wounds to tell for nearly every stone step of its stairlike way. It is the birthplace of the modern spirit of the blood-money *mafia*.

This is the spirit which is our menace in America to-day. Nothing can better show what we have to dread, and where our true danger lies, than an account of the murder of Emanuele Notarbartolo, Mayor of Palermo—a terrible crime of the *mafia*, a mystery still unfolding; and, to quote Lombroso, the greatest of criminologists, "the Palizzolo case is the most notable crime of modern civilization." A few weeks ago three men who could have told the truth were done to death in a cottage on the outskirts of Chicago the night before they were to have started back to Palermo. The *mafia* of Palizzolo, called the "Croker of Palermo," reached across the Atlantic and struck, in the heart of the United States, swiftly, surely, safely.

Emanuele Notarbartolo was a man fifty-nine years of age, born of wealthy parents, well educated, and having a fine record in the war of the union of Italy. In 1861 he won high honors in prosecuting a campaign against the banditti who refused to return to civil pursuits, and became the natural enemy of the *mafia*. In 1876 he was elected Director of the Bank of Sicily. In 1882 he was captured and held for ransom, but contrived the capture of the band. He had gone to his mountain estate—Mendolilla—with Salvatore and Piddo Randazzo and five soldiers. Salvatore Randazzo was sent to the family to demand 51,000 lire. Prefect Bardessono and General Palivicini were for sending a large force of troops to the mountains, but, on the written advice of the prisoner, the sum was paid, and the instant the prisoner was freed he led the pursuit so effectively that the noted chief Rini and his men, Pirajno, Baroni, Rotino, and Camperi, were captured. Notarbartolo persistently prosecuted his campaign for honesty, public and private. All the honors in the power of the people were conferred on him. He stood in Sicily as Folk stands in Missouri.

The Power of a Great Criminal

But a new power, an individual quantity, in the young, vigorous, and dashing Raffaele Palizzolo, began to arise, and in a few years he had grown into prominence and power. Dictatorial politics of other days made the conditions which created the *cosci* of *mafia*; the new style of gang politics, the idea of which Palizzolo is said to have got from Tweed, served to bring the *alta mafia* and the *bassa mafia* (the high and the low) into a united *mafia*, the cohorts of a demagogue, protecting and under the protection of Raffaele Palizzolo.

It made him Mayor, Councilor, and a Deputy of the Chamber at Rome, and he won his way into the directorate of the Bank of Sicily, which it must be understood resembles the public treasury. Notarbartolo found the honest citizens falling away from him. The reason was that by the use of the four great agencies of the *mafia* his opponents were undermining decent society and placing the good and strong men who were its natural pillars under secret pressure of many sorts. A man who had a wayward son would find that this son had been led into committing a crime which the *mafia* covered up, and promised to keep covered only so long as he obeyed it. Another man found himself innocently entrapped and compromised with disreputable women. The man who engineered it was *mafie* and a friend of Palizzolo. Merchants found that they prospered if they obeyed Palizzolo's wishes. Now and then men disappeared and were never heard of or were found on their own doorsteps dead. The public did not know what it meant, but one or two powerful men did, and if they were cowards they obeyed. Palizzolo got his men stationed everywhere. In every part of Italy

where he thought they were needed there was a helper, and they were all under the thumb of the *mafia*. His chief aid, his "Mephistopheles," as he is called—Di Blasi—was made Inspector of Public Security.

Brave, sturdy old Notarbartolo found that the Bank of Sicily was being pillaged. Men of the highest standing were involved. The *mafia alta* was leading the

country to ruin, and the *mafia bassa* laughed in the background, doing the bidding of their *capo*, "Don Raffaele." The veteran who had been with Garibaldi without one sign of fear set about driving Palizzolo out of power. But as a result, justice was frustrated on every hand. Papers that were necessary disappeared from official hands mysteriously. A bank inspection report forwarded to Rome was stolen from ministerial hands. But the falsifications were too gigantic to cover. The leader of the *mafia* saw the consequences. He had been eagerly waiting to rid himself of his righteous opponent, but wherever he went Notarbartolo was heavily guarded, and there was no opportunity. Then iniquitous genius rose to its zenith.

The Murder of Notarbartolo

One day, Notarbartolo, bidding good-by to his son, who was an officer of marines, his wife and daughter, went to the mountain estate of Mendolilla to look after his interests. With him was a trusty armed servant and the same trusted Randazzo. When ready to return to Palermo after a stay at Mendolilla, the plan of departure was kept secret till the last minute. Then they traveled to Causo, a small station nearby, and took train No. 3, as it is known. Notarbartolo entered a first-class compartment at the last moment, and his servant and a cooper from the estate, being delayed, got a third-class place at the rear of the train. The journey down to the coast ended at Termini Immerse, whence the train moved along the coast toward Palermo, thirty miles away, through a very populous section, passing the small stations of Trabia, Santa Nicola, Altavilla, Casteldaccia, Flavia, etc. No portion of Italy is a safer one or better guarded by municipal guards and carabinieri.

The train stopped a few minutes at Termini. Notarbartolo was alone in the compartment. Another brief stop was made at Trabia, and at Altavilla it passed Train No. 18, ran slowly at Casteldaccia, and then made no stops until in the station at Palermo. Notarbartolo did not alight. His wife and daughter awaiting him met the servant and the cooper. In great alarm they looked through the train and found it empty. It was now dark, but a bright moon flooded the countryside with light. Prefect Colmeayer being ill, the facts were related to Questore (Commissioner of Police) Ballabio, and he, knowing the state of things, refused to admit that Notarbartolo might have alighted and be coming on the next train. He declared it almost certain there had been foul play. Inquiries were wired back along the line without result.

About this hour an old woman named Santa Sorge, who had been to the station at Trabia to see her son away to America, was returning crossing the bridge over the *torrente* Curreri when she saw a dark shape on the rails of the railway and another near the bridge. It proved to be the body of an old man and his coat. Appearances indicated that he had been thrown from the train with the intention that he should alight in the water and be carried down to the sea nearby, but he had struck the bank. Her cries brought Sanfilippo, a guard, of the commune of Altavilla. With his horn he summoned other guards, and a grand alarm was spread, bringing the Sindaco or Mayor of Trabia Arcana, a brigadier of carabinieri, Panighetti, and a trainman named Mangio from the Trabia station.

Owing to bruises and blood, no one recognized the body as that of Notarbartolo. Murder was plain. There were twenty-seven wounds made with a large one-edged *coltello* and a small *pugnale*. Mangio, for the authorities, telegraphed to the station at Palermo, but "all were asleep."

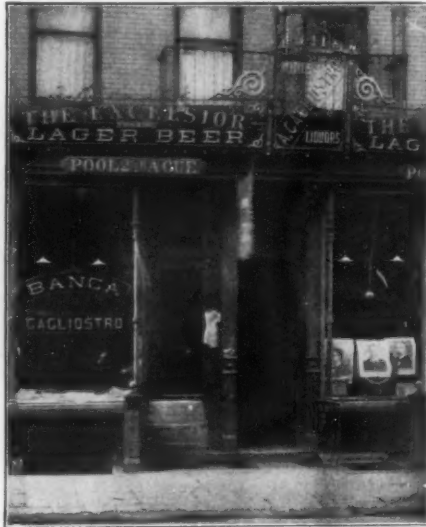
Some power had put on the *qui vive* the *mafia* agents posted in such positions as to delay or paralyze action, and they were awaiting the news of the murder. Total inaction or misdirected action followed for this night and part of the next day. The Questore went to the station, searched the train, and found in the compartment evidences of a struggle and large blood stains, with bloody finger-prints on the window, a broken knife-point, and other things. The conductor of the train, Giuseppe Carollo, remembered that Notarbartolo was alone at Termini, but at the last minute two passengers hastily entered the station and got in his compartment. He bothered no further about them, though he knew the danger always over Notarbartolo, but *went to sleep*.

The Suppression of Evidence

The brakeman, Garufi, said that when the train was stopping at Altavilla he saw two men leave the train, one wearing a long coat under which, he thought, was a heavy stick or a carbine. The *capo di stazione* at Termini, Salvatore Diletta, necessarily encountered the two men. He gave a description that would fit any one of ten men picked up on the streets of Palermo and volunteered the opinion they were crazy. There is no doubt but that he could have identified them. In an effort made to force proof of the coming and going of the two men, who took their tickets and such other facts, it was found that the tickets and reports had been turned in to a clerk, Raineri, in Palermo, and any evidence in them that might have been secured was carefully "lost." One of the knives used, the large *coltello*, was found in a tunnel near Trabia. It was discovered that Sanfilippo, the Altavilla guard, had been close on the spot. He suddenly emigrated to the United States and is here still.

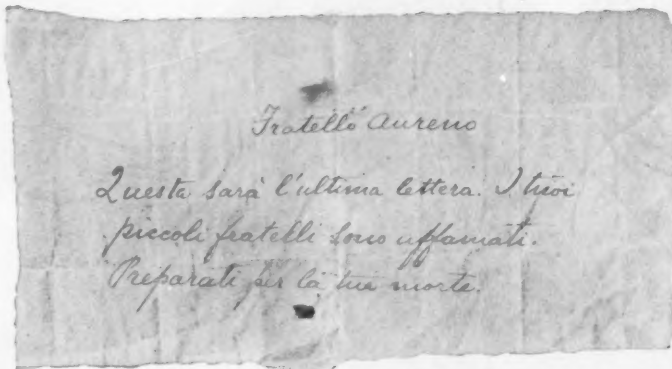
The remainder of the story is a huge mass of mystery, perjury, miscarriage of justice, intimidation, and honest struggle to bring the guilty to bar. Except for

(Continued on page 27)



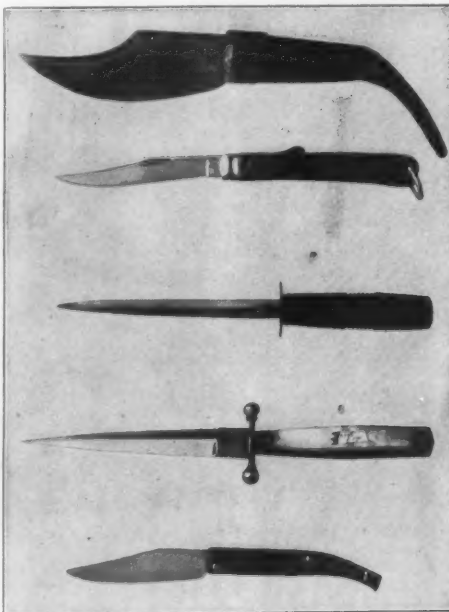
CAGLIOSTRO'S BANK AND SALOON

This place, 141 Mulberry Street, New York, opposite the "House of Blazes," was the scene of the daring and cold-blooded midday murder of a man supposed to be Andrea Andano



A "BLACK HAND" LETTER

Felicia Aureno disappeared from his home in Jamaica, L. I., August 8. Several "Black Hand" letters were found among his effects afterward, and his relatives believe that he was murdered. No trace has been found of him, and he has not returned to Italy. The letter reads: "Brother Aureno. This will be the last letter. Your little brothers are hungry. Prepare to die." The spots are blood stains



KNIVES TAKEN FROM ITALIAN CRIMINALS

The topmost knife is fully one hundred years old and is called a "grosso coltello." Below it is a vicious spring-back that was used by a Neapolitan murderer. The next is a typical *silenzio*. The white-handled dagger is "La Pugnale," the "official" weapon of the Meliventi. Engraved on the blade is a skull-and-crossbones, and the motto "Memento Mori." The lowest weapon is of home manufacture—made by the village blacksmith, and is very common among the lower classes of Italians. These pictures are about one-third actual size

THE RUBAIYAT OF A PERSIAN KITTEN

PICTURES AND VERSE BY OLIVER HERFORD



UP from the Basement to the Seventh Flat
I rose, and on the Crown of Fashion sat,
And many a Ball unraveled by the way—
But not the Master's angry Bowl of "Scat!"



THEN to the Well of Wisdom I—and lo!
With my own Paw I wrought to make it flow,
And This was all the Harvest that I reaped:
We come like Kittens and like Cats we go.



WHY be this Ink the Fount of Wit?—who dare
BlaspHEME the glistening Pen-drink as a snore?
A Blessing?—I should spread it, should I not?
And if a Curse—why, then upset It!—there!



A MOMENT'S Halt, a momentary Taste
Of Bitter, and amid the Trickling Waste
I wrought strange shapes from Mah to Mahi, yet
I know not what I wrote, nor why they chased.



NOW I beyond the Pale am safely past,
O, but the long, long time their Rage shall last,
Which, tho' they call to supper, I shall heed
As a Stone Cat should heed a Pebble cast.



AND that perverted Soul beneath the Sky
They call the Dog—Heed not his angry Cry;
Not all his Threats can make me budge one bit,
Nor all his Empty Bluster terrify.



THEY are no other than a moving Show
Of whirling Shadow Shapes that come and go
Me-ward thro' Moon illumined Darkness hurried,
In midnight, by the Lodgers in the Row.



MYSELF when young did eagerly frequent
The Backyard Fence and heard great Argument
About it, and About, yet evermore
Came out with Fewer Fur than in I went.



AH, me! If you and I could but conspire
To grasp this Sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Enfold it nearer to our Heart's Desire?



THO' Two and Two make Four by rule of line,
Or they make Twenty-two by Logic line,
Of all the Figures one may fathom, I
Shall ne'er be floored by anything but Nine.



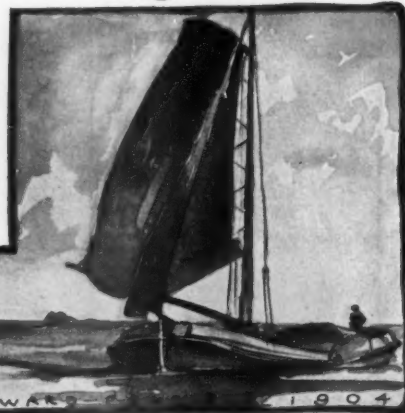
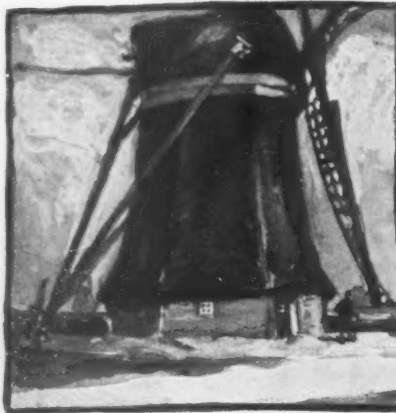
AND fear not lest Existence shut the Door
On You and Me, to open it no more.
The Cream of Life from out your Bowl shall pour
Nine times—ere it lie broken on the Floor.



SO if the Fish you Steal—the Cream you drink—
Ends in what all begins and ends in, Think,
Unless the Stern Recorder points to Nine,
Tho' They would drown you—still you shalt not sink.

The Soul of Nicholas Snyders

OR The Miser of Zaandam By Jerome K. Jerome



ONCE upon a time in Zaandam, which is by the Zuyder Zee, there lived a wicked man named Nicholas Snyders. He was mean, and hard, and cruel, and loved but one thing in the world, and that was gold. And even that not for its own sake. He loved the power gold gave him; the power to tyrannize and to oppress, the power to cause suffering at his will. They said he had no soul, but there they were wrong. All men own, or, to speak more correctly, are owned by, a soul, and the soul of Nicholas Snyders was an evil soul. He lived in the old windmill which still is standing on the Quay, with only little Christina was an orphan whose parents had died in debt. Nicholas, to Christina's everlasting gratitude, had cleared their memory—it cost but a few hundred florins—in consideration that Christina should work for him without wages. Christina formed his entire household, and only one willing visitor ever darkened his door, the widow Toelast. Dame Toelast was rich and almost as great a miser as Nicholas himself. "Why should not we two marry?" Nicholas had once croaked to the widow Toelast. "Together we should be masters of all Zaandam." Dame Toelast had answered with a cackling laugh, but Nicholas was never in haste.

One afternoon Nicholas Snyders sat alone at his desk in the centre of the great semicircular room that took up half the ground floor of the windmill, and that served him for an office, and there came a knocking at the outer door.

"Come in!" cried Nicholas Snyders.

He spoke in a tone quite kind—for Nicholas Snyders. He felt so sure it was Jan knocking at the door; Jan Van der Voort, the young sailor, now master of his own ship, come to demand of him the hand of little Christina. In anticipation, Nicholas Snyders tasted the joy of dashing Jan's hopes to the ground; of hearing him plead, then rave; of watching the growing pallor that would overspread Jan's handsome face as Nicholas would, point by point, explain to him the consequences of defiance; how firstly Jan's old mother should be turned out of her home, his old father put into prison for debt; how, secondly, Jan himself should be pursued without remorse, his ship be bought over his head before he could complete the purchase. The interview would afford to Nicholas Snyders sport after his own soul. Since Jan's return the day before he had been looking forward to it. Therefore, feeling sure it was Jan, he cried "Come in" quite cheerily.

But it was not Jan. It was somebody Nicholas Snyders had never set eyes on before. And neither, after that one visit, did Nicholas Snyders ever set eyes upon him again. The light was fading, and Nicholas Snyders was not the man to light candles before they were needed, so that he was never able to describe with any precision the stranger's appearance. Nicholas thought he seemed an old man, but alert in all his movements, while his eyes—the one thing about him Nicholas saw with any clearness—were curiously bright and piercing.

"Who are you?" asked Nicholas Snyders, taking no pains to disguise his disappointment.

"I am a pedler," answered the stranger. His voice was clear and not unmusical, with just the suspicion of roguishness behind.

"Not wanting anything," answered Nicholas Snyders, dryly. "Shut the door and be careful of the step."

But instead the stranger took a chair and drew it nearer, and himself in shadow looked straight into Nicholas Snyders' face, and laughed.

"Are you quite sure, Nicholas Snyders? Are you quite sure there is nothing you require?"

"Nothing," growled Nicholas Snyders; "except the sight of your back."

The stranger bent forward, and with his long, lean hand touched Nicholas Snyders playfully upon the knee. "Wouldn't you like a soul, Nicholas Snyders?" he asked.

"Think of it," continued the strange pedler, before Nicholas could recover power of speech. "For forty years you have drunk the joy of being mean and cruel. Are you not tired of the taste, Nicholas Snyders? Would you not like a change? Think of it, Nicholas Snyders: the joy of being loved, of hearing yourself blessed instead of cursed? Wouldn't it be good fun, Nicholas Snyders—just by way of a change? If you don't like it you can return and be yourself again."

What Nicholas Snyders, recalling all things afterward, could never understand was why he sat there

listening in patience to the stranger's talk; for at the time it had seemed to him the jesting of a wandering fool. But something about the stranger had impelled him.

"I have it with me," continued the odd pedler, "and as for price—" The stranger made a gesture indicating dismissal of all sordid details. "I look for my reward in watching the result of the experiment. I am something of a philosopher. I take an interest in these matters. See." The stranger dived between his legs and produced from his pack a silver flask of cunning workmanship, and laid it on the table.

"Its flavor is not unpleasant," explained the stranger; "a little bitter, but one does not drink it by the goblet; a wineglassful, such as one would of old Tokay, while the mind of both is fixed on the same thought; may my soul pass into him, may his pass into me. The operation is quite simple; the secret lies within the drug." The stranger patted the quaint flask as though it had been some little dog.

"You will say, who will exchange souls with Nicholas Snyders?" The stranger appeared to have come prepared with an answer to all questions. "My friend, you are rich; you need not fear. It is the possession men value the least of all they have. Choose your soul, and drive your bargain. I leave that to you with one word of counsel only: you will find the young reader than the old; the young, to whom the world promises all things for gold. Choose you a fine, fair, fresh young soul, Nicholas Snyders, and choose it quickly. Your hair is somewhat gray, my friend. Taste before you die the joy of living."

The strange pedler laughed, and rising closed his pack. Nicholas Snyders neither moved nor spoke, until with the soft clanging of the massive door his senses returned to him. Then seizing the flask the stranger had left behind him, he sprang from his chair, meaning to fling it after him into the street. But the flashing of the firelight on its burnished surface stayed his hand.

"After all, the case is of value," Nicholas chuckled and put the flask aside, and, lighting the two tall candles, buried himself again in his green-bound ledger. Yet still from time to time Nicholas Snyders' eye would wander to where the silver flask remained half

"Sit down," responded Nicholas in kindly tone. "I have heard of it. So now you are master and the owner of your ship—your very own."

"My very own after one more voyage," laughed Jan.

"I have Burgomaster Allart's promise."

"A promise is not a performance," hinted Nicholas. "Burgomaster Allart is not a rich man; a higher bid might tempt him. Another might step in between you, and become the owner."

Jan only laughed. "Why, that would be the work of an enemy, which, God be praised, I do not think that I possess."

"Lucky lad," commented Nicholas, "so few of us are without enemies. And your parents, Jan, will they live with you?"

"We wished it," answered Jan, "both Christina and I. But the mother is feeble. The old mill has grown into her life."

"I can understand," agreed Nicholas. "The old vine torn from the old wall withers. And your father, Jan; people will gossip. The mill is paying?"

Jan shook his head. "It never will again, and the debts haunt him. But all that, as I tell him, is a thing of the past. His creditors have agreed to look to me and wait."

"All of them," queried Nicholas.

"All of them I could discover," laughed Jan.

Nicholas Snyders pushed back his chair, and looked at Jan with a smile upon his wrinkled face. "And so you and Christina have arranged it all."

"With your consent, sir," answered Jan.

"You will wait for that?" asked Nicholas.

"We should like to have it, sir."

Jan smiled, but the tone of his voice fell agreeably on Nicholas Snyders' ear. Nicholas Snyders loved best beating the dog that growled and showed its teeth.

"Better not wait for that," said Nicholas Snyders.

"You might have to wait long."

Jan rose, an angry flush upon his face. "So nothing changes you, Nicholas Snyders. Have it your own way, then."

"You will marry her in spite of me?"

"In spite of you and of your friends the fiends, and of your Master the Devil!" flung out Jan. For Jan had a soul that was generous and brave and tender and excessively short-tempered. Even the best of souls have their failings.

"I am sorry," said old Nicholas.

"I am glad to hear it," answered Jan.

"I am sorry for your mother," explained Nicholas.

"The poor dame, I fear, will be homeless in her old age. The mortgage shall be foreclosed, Jan, on your wedding-day. I am sorry for your father, Jan. His creditors, Jan—you have overlooked just one. I am sorry for him, Jan. Prison has always been his dread. I am sorry even for you, my young friend. You will have to begin life over again. Burgomaster Allart is in the hollow of my hand. I have but to say the word, your ship is mine. I wish you joy of your bride, my young friend. You must love her very dearly, you will be paying a high price for her."

It was Nicholas Snyders' grin that maddened Jan. He sought for something that thrown straight at the wicked mouth should silence it, and by chance his hand lighted on the pedler's silver flask. In the same instant Nicholas Snyders' hand had closed upon it also. The grin had died away.

"Sit down," commanded Nicholas Snyders. "Let us talk further." And there was that in his voice that compelled the younger man's obedience.

"You wonder, Jan, why I seek always anger and hatred. I wonder at times myself. Why do generous thoughts never come to me as to other men? Listen, Jan, I am in a whimsical mood. Such things can not be, but it is whim of mine to think it might have been. Sell me your soul, Jan. Sell me your soul, that I, too, may taste this love and gladness that I hear about. For a little while, Jan, only for a little while, and I will give you all you desire."

The old man seized his pen and wrote. "See, Jan, the ship is yours beyond mishap; the mill goes free; your father may hold up his head again. And all I ask, Jan, is that you drink to me, willing the while that your soul may go from you and become the soul of old Nicholas Snyders—for a little while, Jan, only for a little while."

With feverish hands the old man had drawn the stopper from the pedler's flagon, had poured the wine into



Christina
DRAWN BY EDWARD PERKINS

hidden among dusty papers. And later there came again a knocking at the door, and this time it really was young Jan who entered.

Jan held out his great hand across the littered desk. "We parted in anger, Nicholas Snyders. It was my fault. You were in the right. I ask you to forgive me. I was poor. It was selfish of me to wish the little maid to share with me my poverty. But now I am no longer poor."

twin glasses. Jan's inclination was to laugh, but the old man's eagerness was almost frenzy. Surely he was mad, but that would not make less binding the paper he had signed. A true man does not jest with his soul, but the face of Christina was shining down on Jan from out the gloom.

"You will mean it?" whispered Nicholas Snyders. "May my soul pass from me and enter into Nicholas Snyders!" answered Jan, replacing his empty glass upon the table. And the two stood looking for a moment into each other's eyes.

And the high candles on the littered desk flickered and went out as though a breath had blown them, first one and then the other.

"I must be getting home," came the voice of Jan from the darkness; "why did you blow out the candles?"

"We can light them again from the fire," answered Nicholas. He did not add he had meant to ask that same question of Jan. He thrust them among the glowing logs, first one and then the other, and the shadows crept back into their corners.

"You will not stop and see Christina?" asked Nicholas.

"Not to-night," answered Jan. "The paper that I signed," Nicholas reminded him: "You have it?"

"I had forgotten it," Jan answered.

The old man took it from the desk and handed it to him. Jan thrust it into his pocket and went out. Nicholas bolted the door behind him and returned to his desk, sat long there, his elbow resting on the open ledger.

Nicholas pushed the ledger aside and laughed. "What foolery! As if such things could be! The fellow must have bewitched me." Nicholas crossed to the fire and warmed his hands before the blaze. "Still, I am glad he is going to marry the little lass. A good lad, a good lad."

Nicholas must have fallen asleep before the fire. When he opened his eyes it was to meet the gray dawn. He felt cold, stiff, hungry, and decidedly cross. Why had not Christina woke him up and given him his supper: did she think he had intended to pass the night on a wooden chair? The girl was an idiot. He would go upstairs and tell her through the door just what he thought of her.

His way upstairs led through the kitchen. To his astonishment there sat Christina asleep before the burned-out grate.

"Upon my word," muttered Nicholas to himself, "people in this house don't seem to know what beds are for."

But it was not Christina, so Nicholas told himself. Christina had the look of a frightened rabbit; it had always irritated him. This girl, even in her sleep, wore an impertinent expression—a delightfully impertinent expression. Besides, this girl was pretty—marvelously pretty. Indeed, so pretty a girl Nicholas had never seen in all his life before. Why had the girls, when Nicholas was young, been so entirely different! A sudden bitterness seized Nicholas; it was as though he had just learned that long ago, without knowing it, he had been robbed.

The child must be cold. Nicholas fetched his fur-lined cloak and wrapped it about her.

There was something else he ought to do. The idea came to him while drawing the cloak around her shoulders, very gently, not to disturb her—something he wanted to do; if only he could think what it was. The girl's lips were parted. She appeared to be speaking to him, asking him to do this thing—or telling him not to do it. Nicholas could not be sure which. Half a dozen times he turned away, and half a dozen times stole back to where she sat sleeping with that delightfully impertinent expression on her face, her lips parted. But what she wanted, or what it was she wanted, Nicholas could not think.

Perhaps Christina would know. Perhaps Christina would know who she was and how she got there. Nicholas climbed the stairs, swearing at them for creaking. Christina's door was open. No one was in the room; the bed had not been slept upon. Nicholas descended the creaking stairs.

The girl was still asleep. Could it be Christina herself? Nicholas examined the delicious features one by one. Never before, so far as he could recollect, had he seen the girl; yet around her neck—Nicholas had not noticed it before—lay Christina's locket, rising and falling as she breathed. Nicholas knew it well; the one thing belonging to her mother Christina had insisted on keeping. The one thing about which she had ever defied him. She would never have parted with that locket. It must be Christina herself. But what has happened to her?

Or to himself. Remembrance rushed in upon him. The odd pedler! The scene with Jan! But surely all that had been a dream? Yet there upon the littered desk still stood the pedler's silver flask, together with the twin stained glasses.

Nicholas tried to think, but his brain was in a whirl. A ray of sunlight streaming through the window fell across the dusty room. Nicholas had never seen the sun, that he could recollect. Involuntarily he stretched his hands toward it, felt a pang of grief when it vanished, leaving only the gray light. He drew the rusty bolts, flung open the great door. A strange world lay before him, a new world of lights and shadows that wooed him with their beauty—a world of low, soft voices that called to him. There came to him again that bitter sense of having been robbed.

"I could have been so happy all these years," murmured old Nicholas to himself. "It is just the little town I could have loved—so quaint, so quiet, so home-like. I might have had friends, old cronies, children of my own maybe—"

A vision of the sleeping Christina flashed before his eyes. She had come to him a child, feeling only gratitude toward him. Had he had eyes with which to see her all things might have been different.

Was it too late? He is not so old—not so very old. New life is in his veins. She loves Jan, but that was the Jan of yesterday. In the future Jan's every word and deed will be prompted by the evil soul that was once the soul of Nicholas Snyders—that Nicholas Snyders remembers well. Can any woman love that, let the case be as handsome as you will?

Ought he, as an honest man, to keep the soul he had won from Jan by what might be called a trick? Yes, it had been a fair bargain, and Jan had taken his price. Besides, it was not as if Jan had fashioned his own soul; these things are chance. Why should one man be given gold and another be given parched peas? He has as much right to Jan's soul as Jan ever had. He is wiser, he can do more good with it. It was Jan's soul that loved Christina; let Jan's soul win her if it can. And Jan's soul listening to the argument could not think of a word to offer in opposition.

Christina was still asleep when Nicholas re-entered the kitchen. He lighted the fire and cooked the breakfast, and then aroused her gently. There could be no doubt it was Christina. The moment her eyes rested

he was in features to wicked old Nick, the miser of Zaandam, and would wonder where he came from. Nor was it only the faces of the children that taught his lips to smile. It troubled him at first to find the world so full of marvelously pretty girls—of pretty women also, all more or less lovable. It bewildered him, until he found that notwithstanding Christina remained always in his thoughts the prettiest, the most lovable of them all. Then every pretty face rejoiced him; it reminded him of Christina.

On his return the second day, Christina had met him with sadness in her eyes. Farmer Beerstraater, an old friend of her father's, had called to see Nicholas; not finding Nicholas, had talked a little with Christina. A hard-hearted creditor was turning him out of his farm. Christina pretended not to know that the creditor was Nicholas himself, but marvelled that such wicked men could be. Nicholas said nothing, but the next day Farmer Beerstraater had called again, all smiles, blessings, and great wonder.

"But what can have come to him?" repeated Farmer Beerstraater over and over.

Christina had smiled and answered that perhaps the good God had touched his heart. But thought to herself that perhaps it had been the good influence of another. The tale flew. Christina found herself besieged on every hand, and, finding her intercessions invariably successful, grew day by day more pleased with herself, and by consequence more pleased with Nicholas Snyders. For Nicholas was a cunning old gentleman. Jan's soul in him took delight in undoing the evil the soul of Nicholas had wrought. But the brain of Nicholas Snyders that remained to him whispered: "Let the little maid think it is all her doing."

The news reached the ears of Dame Toelast. The same evening saw her seated in the ingie-nook opposite Nicholas Snyders, who smoked and seemed bored.

"You are making a fool of yourself, Nicholas Snyders," the Dame told him. "Everybody is laughing at you."

"I had rather they laughed than cursed me!" growled Nicholas.

"Have you forgotten all that has passed between us?" asked the Dame.

"Wish I could," sighed Nicholas.

"At your age—" commenced the Dame.

"I am feeling younger than I ever felt in all my life," Nicholas interrupted her.

"You don't look it," commented the Dame.

"What do looks matter?" snapped Nicholas. "It is the soul of a man that is the real man."

"They count for something, as the world goes," explained the Dame.

"Why, if I liked to follow your example and make a fool of myself, there are young men, fine young men, handsome young men—"

"Don't let me stand in your way," interposed Nicholas quickly. "As you say, I am old and I have a devil of a temper. There must be many better men than I am, men more worthy of you."

"I don't say there are not," returned the Dame; "but nobody more suitable. Girls for boys, and old women for old men, as I have told him. I hav'n't lost my wits, Nicholas Snyders, if you have. When you are yourself again—"

Nicholas Snyders sprang to his feet. "I am myself," he cried, "and intend to remain myself! Who dares say I am not myself?"

"I do," retorted the Dame, with exasperating coolness. "Nicholas Snyders is not himself when at the bidding of a pretty-faced doll he flings his money out of the window with both hands. He is a creature bewitched, and I am sorry for him. She'll fool you for the sake of her friends till you hav'n't a cent left, and then she'll laugh at you. When you are yourself, Nicholas Snyders, you will be crazy with yourself—remember that." And Dame Toelast marched out and slammed the door behind her.

"Girls for boys, and old women for old men."

The phrase kept ringing in his ears. Hitherto his new-found happiness had filled his life, leaving no room for thought. But the old Dame's words had sown the seed of reflection. Was Christina fooling him? The thought was impossible. Never once had she pleaded for herself, never once for Jan. The evil thought was the creature of Dame Toelast's evil mind. Christina loved him. Her face brightened at his coming. The fear of him had gone out of her; a pretty tyranny had replaced it. But was it the love that he sought? Jan's soul in old Nick's body was young and ardent. It desired Christina not as a daughter, but as a wife. Could it win her in spite of old Nick's body? The soul of Jan was an impatient soul. Better to know than to doubt.

"Do not light the candles; let us talk a little by the light of the fire only," said Nicholas. And Christina, smiling, drew her chair toward the blaze. But Nicholas sat in the shadow.

"You grow more beautiful every day, Christina," said Nicholas, "sweeter and more womanly. He will be a happy man who calls you wife."

The smile passed from Christina's face. "I shall never marry," she answered.

"Never is a long word, little one."

"A true woman does not marry the man she does not love."

"But may she not marry the man she does?" smiled Nicholas.

"Sometimes she may not," Christina explained. "And when is that?" (Continued on page 25.)



"Taste before you die the joy of living"

DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

on old Nicholas there came back to her the frightened rabbit look that had always irritated him. It irritated him now, but the irritation was against himself.

"You were sleeping so soundly when I came in last night—" Christina commenced.

"And you were afraid to wake me," Nicholas interrupted her. "You thought the old curmudgeon would be cross. Listen, Christina. You paid off yesterday the last debt your father owed. It was to an old sailor. I had not been able to find him before. Not a cent more do you owe, and there remains to you out of your wages a hundred florins. It is yours whenever you like to ask me for it."

Christina could not understand, neither then nor during the days that followed; nor did Nicholas enlighten her. For the soul of Jan had entered into a very wise old man, who knew that the best way to live down the past is to live boldly the present. All that Christina could be sure of was that the old Nicholas Snyders had mysteriously vanished, that in his place remained a new Nicholas, who looked at her with kindly eyes—frank and honest, compelling confidence. Though Nicholas never said so, it came to Christina that she herself, her sweet example, her ennobling influence it was that had wrought this wondrous change. And to Christina the explanation seemed not impossible—seemed even pleasing.

The sight of his littered desk was hateful to him. Starting early in the morning, Nicholas would disappear for the entire day, returning in the evening tired, but cheerful, bringing with him flowers that Christina laughed at, telling him they were weeds. But what mattered names? To Nicholas they were beautiful. In Zaandam the children ran from him, the dogs barked after him. So Nicholas, escaping through byways, would wander far into the country. Children in the villages around came to know a kind old fellow who loved to linger, his hands resting on his staff, watching their play, listening to their laughter; whose ample pockets were storehouses of good things. Their elders, passing by, would whisper to one another how like

THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

AN OPEN FORUM OF INDIVIDUAL OPINION

Real College Football

By David Starr Jordan

No college president is more popular with the student body over which he presides than is the president of Stanford University. Because of his sympathetic attitude, his estimates of collegiate affairs are highly valued.

COLLEGE football has come to stay. It has its advantages, its dangers, and its evils, but it fills a place which no other game can take. Its strength lies in team work, not in individual plays. Its members are bound together by the strongest of ties, the tie of college spirit. A football match is to the loyal spectators the crash of one beloved organization against another. A professional team has no such ties; there are, therefore, no successful football teams outside the colleges. Non-collegiate teams represent nothing. The public is only bored by the victories of local teams or athletic clubs. But a struggle of Harvard against Yale, or Michigan against Wisconsin, fires the imagination and touches the deeper feelings of college men, and through them the greater world whose imagination they direct. Whether this ought to be the case or not does not matter. This is the fact, and none of the more individual sports, as baseball or track athletics, has this effect.

The evils of football mainly centre around the use of money as an aid to winning. When money is used, no matter how subtly, it is no longer a matter of students playing; it is not an outflow of animal spirits; it takes its rank among the game agencies of demoralization. Against this tendency, student committees can not stand alone. It takes the full force of the college authorities. When the Faculty has failed to put its whole strength on the side of clean football, some form of corruption has appeared.

It is vitally essential then that the football men should be held to their work just as severely as any other students and at all times. It is necessary that no football man should be allowed to receive money from any source in consideration of his playing. This excludes him from scholarships, from receiving gifts from alumni or citizens, from occupying sinecure summer positions provided by interested friends, from any of the hundred opportunities of attending college without paying its cost. Every financial aid, each academic leniency given to athletics, tends toward the demoralization of college athletics. In baseball, a professional or hired team may defeat any college team composed of those who play only for sport. In like fashion, an invincible football team might be hired by direct or indirect means, if the Faculty would wink at its employment and supplement this wink by convenient and lenient re-examinations of the athlete too dull or too busy to attend to his classes.

The future of football depends on the conscience of the college authorities. If these are satisfied with victory and indifferent as to other considerations, we shall have in football a source of progressive demoralization. If they insist on clean games played by clean players, the game of football will endure to the delight of our grandchildren, an unending source of that joy and good fellowship called college spirit, which, if not the highest academic product, is really a thing worth having and worth cultivating.

The University and High Ideals

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

No essayist or scholar in America has so exclusively devoted his studies and writings to collegiate subjects and the needs of American students as the President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College.

THE spiritual ideals of highest importance in a democracy are liberty, love for truth, respect for duty, and the old cardinal virtues of love, justice, prudence, temperance, and courage. In this age, these are endangered through economical inequality. But the peril is rendered less perilous through an increasing sense of brotherhood. These spiritual ideals are at the present time put in peril by an increasing dread of poverty. There probably never was an age when the dread of poverty was so great, or when the evils of poverty were so small. In this condition the university has a most significant mission. Its highest purpose is to uphold the spiritual ideals—to minister to the verities and the virtues. It is called upon to teach that the wealth most worth treasuring lies in the mind and character and not in the hand. The one is eternal, and the other must be temporary. It declares the most obvious truth that poverty with honor is infinitely to be preferred to wealth accompanied with any suspicion of dishonor. It declares that living is far less than life; that things seen are of smaller worth than things unseen; that the lust of the eye and the pride of life are as nothing in respect to truth, duty, love, and faith.

The university in its service for the people of its own

nation is not only to render service of that kind which the nation peculiarly needs; it is also to render a service to all men of that sort which by its history or location or constitution it is specially fitted to render.

A democratic people needs the constant inspiration of highest ideals. This filling of its needs is most fittingly done by the university. Itself seeking the highest ideals, untouched by selfishness, the university is able to move democratic communities into the highest and the best, and to keep before them the duty of a love for truth and moral excellence, and an appreciation of the beautiful. This appreciation exercises itself in all the arts. A political democracy is prone to make its fine arts merely decorative. It is hard to convince all that the fine arts minister to the highest education of man. The university, however, through both teaching and example, should impress upon the democracy that painting and poetry, architecture, sculpture, music, and drama represent fundamental desires, passions, and needs of the human character, and that they inspire truth, sincerity, purity, and honest aspirations within the human soul.

The college ideal is becoming the people's ideal. The proportion of students to the population increases with each decade. The proportion is now twice as great as it was a half-century ago. The State University is becoming the academic ideal of nearly every commonwealth, and it is easier to secure from a Legislature grants for its support than for any other of the State's institutions. The great ideals of truth, duty, right, and human service rule. Gold, cheap society, carnal pleasures, and meretricious fame do not and never shall occupy the academic throne.

The Higher Athletics

By Henry M. Simmons

Through his "The Unending Genesis," "New Tables of Stone," and other works, the pastor of the Minneapolis Unitarian Church is widely known as a writer on philosophical subjects and social tendencies.

STRENGTH is always honored, and ought to be; but it changes form with human progress. The first ideal is strength of body, to subdue beasts or other foes. The Hebrews honored their Samson slaying a lion and a few Philistines. The Greeks had a similar hero in Hercules. Even the Christian Church adored its St. Christopher, who despised praying as proper only for women, and served the Lord more acceptably by his stout limbs carrying pilgrims through the river. The Renaissance brought muscle again into favor; and Michelangelo's "Moses" is criticised as "half prize-fighter."

This favor remained—for it is hardly a century since even the British Parliament adjourned in honor of a pugilist. Even more intellectual companies honor muscle. The great Greek athlete, Milo, held up the falling roof at Pythagoras' lecture, but the modern college athlete is probably not at the lecture at all. A cynic defined a college as a boating association whose members, on rainy days, tried to improve their minds by a little study. A university football hero now gets more honor than all the professors. Nor need we complain, for so far as athletic games aid bodily development and health, they are, of course, good. It is not wise to be horrified even by boxers bruising each other a little—so long as we give the highest public homage to battalions butchering each other.

But strength has now assumed a higher form, and athletics have risen to much mightier deeds. Power has passed from brawn to brain, from arms to arts—and thereby become far more effective. There is no need of a Hercules to slay a lion, when a man can shoot him half a mile away. There is no need of St. Christopher to bear men through the river, when art can build a Brooklyn bridge or a boat that can bear a thousand. Even the best arm of an oarsman is a plaything compared with the piston-rod of a steamer which gracefully and swiftly carries the population and produce of a township across the ocean without once resting. The swiftest runner is but a snail to a railway train or a telephone.

In physical contests the very beasts can beat us. The prowess and persistence seen in even a football game is hardly up to that of fighting buffaloes or bulldogs, and the sublimest kick of a college student is less mighty than that of a horse or a mule. Strength is seen rather in games of intellect, in which man masters lightnings and elements, makes the earth his football and plays with heavenly spheres—making the sun paint his pictures in the photograph, and weighing furthest stars by his spectroscope. Here are higher athletics, by which he gains the strength, not merely of muscle, but of the mightiest powers of nature. Still higher are the moral athletics, by which he gains the power of right. Without this, indeed, even arts are weak, and Wendell Phillips said: "You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains, but if it be founded upon or mixed with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down."

The People Should Be "Boss"

By William D. Hoard

The former Governor of Wisconsin and noted agricultural journalist is, both from platform and press, a vigorous advocate of primary election reforms. In view of recent State elections this suggestion is of interest.

THE central idea of a republican form of government is resistance to all forms of tyranny and abuse of power. Just as long as the American people keep alive this sentiment they will continue to maintain a republican form of government. The ever upspringing evil that confronts us is the unscrupulous and corrupt politician, the man who seizes upon the machinery of politics to defeat the will of the people. Two steps are necessary to carrying out a republican form of government: 1, to nominate an official; 2, to elect him. The corrupt politician found our system of ballot-box election so crude and easily convertible to his use that he was able by gross frauds to defeat the public will. To meet this evil the Australian system of voting was adopted. But only half of the work of rescuing the people from the corrupt influence of the unscrupulous politician was accomplished.

He could no longer follow the voter to the ballot-box and see that he got his money's worth. But the old caucus system whereby he could nominate his tool still remained. Once nominated, he depended on party spirit and party loyalty to elect him, and so the corrupt politician still remained master of the people.

The one thing more needed is the adoption of the Australian ballot system in the nomination of officials. The selfish politician fights this reform just as he did the other. He sees clearly enough that the voter will be left free to record his own choice. He can not run caucuses with a cut-and-dried plan, for there will be no caucuses. All the corruption in cities and elsewhere has resulted from the weakness of the caucus system. Honest people who want honest government often can not get their candidates nominated, and so they are obliged to take what they can get or refuse to vote.

Governor Yates of Illinois has said, "The time is coming when every citizen must vote directly for his candidate." And it is coming, because it is the only way to take our republican form of government out of the hands of corrupt politicians and place it where it belongs, in the hands of the plain people.

All there is to the primary election matter is that the voter votes by the Australian ballot "directly for his candidate." He has his say as to who shall be nominated as he has as to who shall be elected.

Will Germany War with Us?

By Albion W. Small

The Professor of Sociology at Chicago University and the editor of the "American Journal of Sociology," having spent two years in Germany studying its international relations, speaks authoritatively upon this topic.

IT is not overcautious engineering to figure out the heaviest load probable, and then to build the bridge strong enough to bear that burden multiplied by six. Good statesmanship also forestalls not merely the probable, but the possible. There is doubtless more truth than fact in the legend of Von Moltke, when informed by his adjutant that the die had been cast for war with France. The man who was silent in seven languages is said to have ordered, "Third portfolio on the fourth shelf." The same might occur in the General Staff of every first-rate nation. Possible campaigns are already on paper, just as plans and specifications for additional buildings and equipment are on file in business offices for use when the market demands.

The reasoning by which M. Bloch so impressed not only the Czar, but a large international public, concurs with many other considerations in making a war on the soil of western Europe, or between a European nation and the United States, with the home territory of either as the fighting-ground, seem too remote for belief. If Prince Henry ever again approaches New York it will doubtless be in a spirit not less amicable than that of his first visit. No American fleet is likely to manoeuvre within striking distance of Kiel or Hamburg for any more warlike purpose than was in evidence during last summer's amenities.

It would be absurd to say that there is visible probability of war between the United States and any first-class power. It would be much more absurd to say that war with Germany is so impossible that measures to prevent it are needless. Great Britain is more concerned with keeping the empire from falling to pieces of its own weight than with territorial expansion or trade monopoly at our expense. Neither France, Spain, Italy, nor Russia is pursuing a policy that challenges distinctly American claims. If any phase of the Chinese question should become a *casus belli*, we could hardly be drawn in until the conflict became

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general. Minor enemies may be ignored, but Germany remains. The Germans want nothing which they think we are entitled to claim, but they think we claim a great deal that they are entitled to want. There is nowhere such hunger as in Germany for more influence where we say "Hands off." Nowhere is there so much outspoken opinion that the Yankees are acting a "dog in the manger" part, and that they must be muzzled. The Austrian voice in the Triple Alliance is energetic in this strain. The Monroe Doctrine is an impertinence. Extension of American jurisdiction beyond seas is democratic impudence. It is a display of brute force in a mass which has no such complete character as a state that it is competent so to use its power. The Germans are benevolent toward us personally, but they are jealous of us commercially and suspicious of us politically. "The Yankee must be checked" is a sentiment as commonplace in Germany and Austria as "Carthage must be destroyed" was in Rome. One easily detects it in the army, the navy, the merchant marine, among business men of all classes, in the newspapers, and in serious books. The extraordinary anxiety of official Germany to dissemble this feeling really makes it more significant. The only safe policy for the United States is to proceed as though upon a certainty that the German Government is merely waiting its opportunity to catch us unprepared and to force surrender of our extra-territorial pretensions. Suppose our naval programmes should lag. Suppose possible allies should be otherwise engaged. Suppose another debt were to be collected of Venezuela, and that Germany could send a fleet as superior to ours as Dewey's was to Montojo's at Manila. Suppose our people should refuse to be satisfied with the loss of one fleet; but the Germans should follow up the advantage till we were forced to buy peace by withdrawing the Monroe Doctrine and tying our hands from ever restoring it. To be sure, this dream can be dreamed in Germany, not in America; but there are Germans who religiously believe that God would be served if the dream were realized. For this reason a superior navy in German hands threatens the peace. Every American who believes that his country has rights, and intends to do right, should demand a navy strong enough to avert the omen.

A Dangerous Precedent

By Helen L. Sumner

Because Miss Sumner is associated with the economic department of the University of Wisconsin, and is a citizen of Colorado, she interprets this industrial crisis both through intimate knowledge and sociological analysis

WHATEVER the justification, the power of the militia has been used in the State of Colorado for the express purpose of stamping out a labor organization. In the picturesque language of General Sherman Bell, the military was sent to the mining camps "to do up this anarchistic federation." The possible consequences of this precedent were foreshadowed by the same "hero" when he wrote: "Colorado is simply taking the lead in a labor war which is sooner or later bound to affect every State in the Union." Indeed, the wide significance of the struggle is plainly revealed in the fact that nearly every labor organization in the United States has given moral and financial support to the Western Federation of Miners, while the vast majority of employers throughout the country have watched with close attention and sympathy the efforts of the Mine Operators' Association to rid itself of organized labor.

Still another sign of the possible future use of the militia against labor unions is the decision of the Supreme Court of Colorado justifying the imprisonment of the president of the Western Federation of Miners upon the ground that he was "aiding and abetting" the insurrection. I.e., the strike. Of course, the necessity for State troops can always be argued when a strike is bitterly fought and individuals are betrayed into deeds of lawlessness such as require the exercise of competent police power. In this very case, however, though the miners' union has been accused of numberless crimes, its enemies have never been able, in any one of their many attempts, to prove their accusations to the satisfaction of a judicial tribunal. The laboring people of Colorado, moreover, are convinced that not even a Sherlock Holmes could untangle this skein of violence and bloodshed unless he were free to follow the threads into high as well as into low places.

Already it is believed by thousands of intelligent unionists in all parts of the United States that the object of calling out State troops in strike cases is to subvert, not the interests of the citizens, but the class interests of the employers. Such an impression must inevitably be strengthened by the spectacle of a militia supported by money borrowed from an employers' association, offered by avowed enemies of unionism, and used to forcibly deport from their homes, their families, and often from their long established and independent business, native American citizens accused of no crime but sympathy with a labor organization.

Such a precedent, if followed in other States, must inevitably draw down upon the governing power the bitter hatred of the laboring class—a hatred ever more intense, because more just, than that evoked by stern employers in times of struggle. Such incipient strife is likely to lead, sooner or later, to open rebellion. If, indeed, the unwise lead of Colorado were generally followed, the future clash of interests might eventually spell an even larger word—revolution.

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Warming Carterville Station

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

"WHERE'S the station?" I said to the chance acquaintance who shared the car seat with me, glancing out the window as the train stopped at Carterville, and seeing nothing but a platform.

"That is a question which requires a rather lengthy answer," he replied in a serious manner. "Carterville is my home, though I'm neither embarking or disembarking this trip." He was a tall, thin-faced man, with a certain aggressive plainness which is frequently observed in persons who habitually tell the truth—even when a lie will serve them better.

"You see," the man continued, as the train started on, "we used to have a station—a fairly good one, as American railway stations go in country towns. Of course, the telegraph operator had to go out and hold it up when the through trains went by, and when you were sitting in it waiting for a train you could feel it tremble long before you could hear the train; but this is usual everywhere. The station had its faults, but it answered the purpose.

"Well, it ran along till one bitter cold night last winter. The wind blew furiously, but it didn't have much effect on the old station, because most of it went right through. Maybe a little silt off, but the cracks caught the bulk of it. I was waiting, together with a number of other passengers, for the eight-fifteen down train, which was frozen to the rails somewhere up the line. Just then there came into the waiting-room about the prettiest girl you ever saw. There was something like a dozen of us frozen creatures—all men—and we sat up and took notice. She tripped right over to the ticket window and the agent took off his mittens and sold her a ticket. Then she floated over to the far side of the room and sat down on a bench without so much as glancing at one of us. This was no way to treat us, but we couldn't say anything.

"I forgot to say that there was a stove in the room, with a low, unobtrusive fire in it. We men were gathered around it, but that's all the good it did us. Then a tall man wearing a fur cap got up and said in a low voice: 'Gentlemen, that girl is shivering. She's cold. It's an outrage. Maybe there ain't any law that'll touch these grasping corporations, but I'll show 'em that I ain't afraid of 'em, drat 'em!' and he picked up a scuttle which stood there about half full of coal, and shot it into the stove and slammed the door shut. Then he sat down and glared at the ticket agent's window.

"Then, our attention being called to the matter, we all began to regard the girl out of the corners of our eyes. We saw her pull her golf cape a little closer. A man on the other side took his feet off a big sample-case, rose up and said: 'Gentlemen, as my unknown friend at the end of the bench remarked, the time to strike at corporate greed has come,' and he began to jerk the dampers of the stove this way and that till he had them all open. Then he sat down with one baleful eye on the ticket office and one fetching eye on the girl.

"The fire started up rather well, but still there was no heat, and the next thing we knew that girl was shivering again. Up jumped a dapper young fellow and grabbed the poker and got down on his knees and began digging at the lower part of that stove. Finally he rose in a cloud of ashes, and says he: 'There, gentlemen, that shows how I stand on the corporation question!' and he slammed the poker on the floor and sat down.

"The fire started up pretty briskly, but we couldn't feel any heat from it. Then another man jumped up, and, says he—well, no matter what he said—it was the old story—what he did was to seize the scuttle and go out in the baggage-room and come back with it filled and heave it on the fire. So it went—to make a long story short: the wind kept howling, the girl kept shivering, and we men kept avalanching coal into that stove. We'd expected trouble with the ticket agent, but the first we knew he came out and said that though he might be working for a corporation he hadn't bartered his soul to it—not quite; then he up and pulled out a lot of secret dampers on the stove that we didn't know anything about, and gave it a few scientific digs and pokes in its lower regions, and the fire began to burn harder. And the tall man got another hold of coal.

"Well, I get off at the next station, so I must cut this short. The wind kept on howling, the girl kept on shivering, and we kept on coal-heaving. Then by and by our efforts seemed to sort of begin to be rewarded, and that stove commenced to throw out some warmth; the thing got red around the bottom, and then along up the sides, and then all over the top, and the next we knew the pipe was a fine cherry color, while the bottom of the stove grew white; and we moved back, and the girl took off her golf cape and began to fan herself with a magazine; and the agent tried to get near enough to the stove to shut off the draughts, but couldn't; and the tall man opened the room door, and the traveling salesman began to pry up the windows; and by this time the floor was smoking and little flames were creeping along the ceiling; and the girl rose and swept out with a haughty, disdainful air as much as to say, 'There, you've overdone it—just as I might have expected from a lot of men!' and we followed her out; and the train coming along just then we all got aboard, the girl in the parlor-car and we men in the smoker, and as it pulled out the whole blame station was blazing like a furnace, and the agent had his telegraph instrument out on a stump and was trying to connect up his wires. And I stuck my head out the car window and shouted to him: 'Tell 'em at headquarters that the station at Carterville is warm at last!' and—good-by, this is where I get off."

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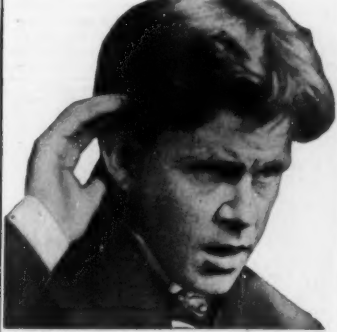
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THE SOUL OF NICHOLAS SNYDERS

(Continued from page 21)

Christina's face was turned away. "When he has ceased to love her."

The soul in old Nick's body leaped with joy. "He is not worthy of you, Christina. His new fortune has changed him. Is it not so? He thinks only of money. It is as though the soul of a miser had entered into him. He would marry even Dame Toelast for the sake of her gold bags, and her broad lands, and her many mills, if only she would have him. Can not you forget him?"

"I shall never forget him. I shall never love another man. I try to hide it, and often I am content to find there is so much in the world that I can do. But my heart is breaking." She rose and, kneeling beside him, clasped her arms around him. "I am glad you have let me tell you," she said. "But for you I could not have borne it. You are so good to me."

For answer he stroked with his withered hand the golden hair that fell disordered about his withered knees. She raised her eyes to his; they were filled with tears, but smiling.

"I can not understand," she said. "I think sometimes that you and he must have changed souls. He is hard and mean and cruel, as you used to be." She laughed, and the arms around him tightened for a moment. "And now you are kind and tender and great, as once he was. It is as if the good God had taken away my lover from me to give to me a father."

"Listen to me, Christina," he said. "It is the soul that is the man, not the body. Could you not love me for my, new soul?"

"But I do love you," answered Christina, smiling through her tears.

"Could you as a husband?"

The fire-light fell upon her face. Nicholas, holding it between his withered hands, looked into it long and hard, and reading what he read there laid it back against his breast and soothed it with his withered hand.

"I was jesting, little one," he said. "Girls for boys, and old women for old men. And so in spite of all you still love Jan!"

"I love him," answered Christina. "I can not help it."

"And if he would, you would marry him, let his soul be what it may?"

"I love him," answered Christina. "I can not help it."

Old Nicholas sat alone before the dying fire. Is it the soul or the body that is the real man? The answer was not so simple as he had thought it.

"Christina loved Jan"—so Nicholas mumbled to the dying fire—"when he had the soul of Jan. She loves him still, though he has the soul of Nicholas Snyners. When I asked her if she could love me it was terror I read in her eyes, though Jan's soul is now in me; she divined it. It must be the body that is the real Jan, the real Nicholas. If the soul of Christina entered into the body of Dame Toelast should I turn from Christina—from her golden hair, her fathomless eyes, her asking lips—to desire the shriveled carcass of Dame Toelast? No, I should still shudder at the thought of her. Yet, when I had the soul of Nicholas Snyners, I did not loathe her, while Christina was nought to me. It must be with the soul that we love, else Jan would still love Christina, and I should be Miser Nick. Yet here am I loving Christina, using Nicholas Snyners' brain and gold to thwart Nicholas Snyners' every scheme, doing everything that I know will make him mad when he comes back into his own body; while Jan cares no longer for Christina, would marry Dame Toelast for her broad lands, her many mills. Clearly it is the soul that is the real man. Then ought I not to be glad, thinking I am going back into my own body, knowing that I shall wed Christina? But I am not glad, I am very miserable. I shall not go with Jan's soul, I feel it; my own soul will come back to me. I shall be again the hard, cruel, mean old man I was before, only now I shall be poor and helpless. The folks will laugh at me, and I shall curse them, powerless to do them evil. Even Dame Toelast will not want me when she learns all. And yet I must do this thing. So long as Jan's soul is in me I love Christina better than myself. I must do this for her sake. I love her. I can not help it."

Old Nicholas rose, took from the place where a month before he had hidden it the silver flask of cunning workmanship.

"Just two more glassfuls left, about," mused Nicholas, as he gently shook the flask against his ear. He laid it on the desk before him, then opened once again the old green ledger, for there still remained work to be done.

He woke Christina early. "Take these letters, Christina," he commanded. "When you have delivered them all, but not before, go to Jan; tell him I am waiting here to see him on a matter of business." He kissed her, seemed loth to let her go.

"I shall only be a little while," smiled Christina.

"All partings take but a little while," he answered.

Old Nicholas had foreseen the trouble he would have. Jan was content, had no desire to be again a sentimental young fool, eager to saddle himself with a penniless wife. Jan had other dreams.

"Drink, man, drink!" cried Nicholas impatiently, "before I am tempted to change my mind." Christina, provided you marry her, is the richest bride in Zaandam. There is the deed; read it, and read quickly."

Then Jan consented, and the two men drank. And there passed a breath between them as before, and Jan with his hands covered his eyes a moment.



The Angle Lamp

Kerosene is the best of all illuminants and the cheapest. The Angle Lamp makes it also the most satisfactory. It is the best of all kerosene lamps. Constructed on entirely different principles from the old-fashioned lamps, it makes kerosene (or petroleum) as

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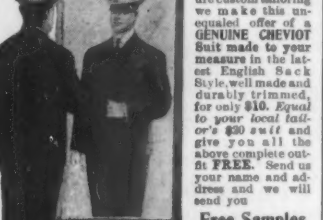
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(Practical Steel Range Man)

It was a pity, perhaps, that he did so, for in that moment Nicholas snatched at the deed that lay beside Jan on the desk. The next instant it was blazing in the fire.

"Not so poor as you thought!" came the croaking voice of Nicholas. "Not so poor as you thought! I can build again, I can build again!" And the creature, laughing hideously, danced with its withered arms spread out before the blaze, lest Jan should seek to rescue Christina's burning dowry before it was destroyed.

Jan did not tell Christina. In spite of all Jan could say she would go back. Nicholas Snijders drove her from the door with curses. She could not understand. The only thing clear was that Jan had come back to her.

"'Twas a strange madness that seized upon me," Jan explained. "Let the good sea breezes bring us health."

So from the deck of Jan's ship they watched old Zaandam till it vanished into air.

Christina cried a little at the thought of never seeing it again, but Jan comforted her, and later new faces hid the old.

And old Nicholas married Dame Toelast, but happily lived to do evil only for a few years longer.

Long after Jan told Christina the whole story, but it sounded very improbable, and Christina—though, of course, she did not say so—did not quite believe it, but thought Jan was trying to explain away that strange month of his life during which he had wooed Dame Toelast. Yet it certainly was strange that Nicholas for the same short month had been so different from his usual self.

"Perhaps," thought Christina, "if I had not told him I loved Jan he would not have gone back to his old ways. Poor old gentleman, no doubt it was despair."

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"The Expo"

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Loads in Daylight has time and instantaneous exposures and carries Film-Spools for **25 PICTURES**

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We have them from 40 acres up and at prices ranging from \$5.00 up per acre. If you do not want a farm yourself, why don't you give that son of yours a chance to acquire an independence here in Old Virginia. It will require a comparatively small outlay and our advantages cannot be excelled anywhere. We have long, delightful Summers, short, mild Winters, best church, school and social advantages, highest markets close in, low freight rates and cheap labor, diversity of crops, unfailing rainfall, and productive land with improvements, at wonderfully low prices. For further information, excursion rates, and lists of farms for sale, address **F. H. LAHAYE, Agr. & Ind. Agt., N. & W. Ry., Dept. V, Roanoke, Va.**

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Hand woven from palm fibre by the Indians in the interior of Mexico. 8 inches high, strong, beautifully colored, useful and ornamental. Warranted genuine. Sold in cellophane stores at \$1.00. We send it prepaid for 25c to advertise our large collection of Indian Goods, Pueblo Rugs and Mexican Embroidery Work at low prices. Catalogue FREE.

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Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mocking bird way down in Alabama and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived."

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest aged four and one half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly although she is of a constipated habit."

"For the youngest aged two and one half years I use one half Postum and one half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it."

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

SIC TRANSIT

By Ludwig Lewisohn

TO love, it is a little thing,
A light affair that soon is ended,
A flash of sunlight on the wing,
A throbbing star by clouds attended.

It's not original with me,
I'm never of the latest fashion;
One note I add unto the free
Large chorus of eternal passion.

A note that sounds, a note that dies,
But while it lives, and while thou hearest,
The sweetest song beneath the skies,
And brief as all our hearts hold dearest.

A little while to hold thy hand,
To save a dream time can not alter:
This is, at least, I understand,
The surest prayer in love's whole psalter.

For time and tide are moving still;
A month—and other loves grow stronger.
Yet, dearest, if it be thy will:
A little, ah! a little longer!

QUEEN KAPIOLANI'S DEFIANCE

QUEEN KAPIOLANI, a noble-looking chiefness of the island of Hawaii, was one of the first converts to Christianity. She was over six feet tall, a magnificent specimen of Hawaiian womanhood, with the "haughty air of the ancient nobility."

She had immense power over her fellow countrymen, and resolved, on becoming a Christian, if possible, to break the hold of grinding and degrading superstitions which had long enslaved them. She knew that in no other way could she do this so well as by defying Pele, the goddess of the awful volcano of Kilauea, who had her abode in the very crater itself.

Her approach and her defiance were most dramatic, for she wished to impress her awestricken subjects with the powerlessness of Pele and the omnipotence of the true God. Slowly and in state she made her way up the mountainside, while the people, trembling and frightened by her audacity, followed at a distance. The priestess of Pele warned her away, but she kept on undaunted. On the edge of the crater a shelter had been built, where she passed the night, within sight and smell of the seething, boiling hell of fire.

In the morning she rose, descended into the crater as far as it was possible to go, and, standing upon the "black ledge," in full view of the amazed spectators, who expected every minute to see her scorched and withered by the angry goddess, she deliberately ate a bunch of ohelo berries, which, as sacred to the goddess, no one had hitherto dared to touch, and flung the stones into the awful fiery lake, as she cried out: "Thus do I defy thee, O Pele! Jehovah is my God. He kindles these fires and he preserves me in breaking your tabus."

Then, by herself, and a few Christian followers, a hymn of praise was sung; a prayer offered to the true God, and the dread power of the Goddess Pele, and with her that of many lesser heathen divinities, was shattered forever.

I HAVE tried to make my advertisements plain; to make them state facts; to convey to the reader's mind, in the fewest possible words, just what I was trying to accomplish—which is this: I want you, if you smoke, to test my cigars entirely at my risk.

Some men seem to think there is a catch somewhere, a "nigger in the wood pile," if you please. There is none. How could there be? You have the cigars and the money. You are at liberty to send me whichever you see fit. But to make the matter stronger, I have attached a coupon to this advertisement which, if you will cut out on the dotted lines, you will readily see is a contract that I cannot well dodge.

On the flap label of every box of Shivers' Panetela Cigars appears this

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Shivers' Panetela Cigars are clean, clear, selected long Havana filler, and selected genuine Sumatra wrapper.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.

Could any man afford to put that guarantee on his merchandise, over his signature, if it was a lie? Would you?

I do not know of a cigar the equal of this that retails for less than ten cents. I manufacture every cigar that I sell, consequently know of what they are made and how they are made, something that the mere dealer can not possibly know.

My only possibility of continued success is re-orders, and the best evidence that I can here give is that I am receiving them in constantly increasing numbers.

My factory is close to the business centre of one of the largest cities in the United States. It is open to my customers, who are cordially invited to call and see the cigars made.

SHIVERS' PANETELAS
EXACT SIZE
EXACT SHAPE

CONTRACT

Herbert D. Shivers,
906 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir: You may ship me, carriage prepaid, one hundred of your Panetela cigars under the following conditions: I am to have the privilege of smoking ten of the cigars, and if, for any reason, I am not pleased with them, I am at liberty to return the remaining ninety by express, at your expense, and there is to be no charge for the cigars consumed. If I elect to keep the cigars, I agree to remit the price for them, \$5.00, within ten days.

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I enclose my business card as an evidence of good faith on my part.

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LEARN LAW AT... Prepare for Bar in any State. Theory and practice combined. Terms low. Particulars FREE. Frederic J. Drake & Co., Dept. C, Chicago

OUR IMPORTED CRIMINALS

(Continued from page 15)

temporary imprisonment pending trial no one has ever been punished, though three highly sensational trials have been held in the past ten years. The Italian libel law prevents the presentation here of certain facts and opinions which would have been safe if the convictions obtained at the second trial had not been reversed by the third.

Briefly, what followed the crime was the complete success of Palizzolo in all his affairs, complete official inaction for some years, with Leopoldo Notarbartolo struggling to get a starting point to unravel the mystery and bring home the guilt to the man who he was morally convinced, as was all decent Italy, had incited the murder of his father.

Circumstantial evidence connected Carolo, who came from a *briganti* family, and Garufi, who had a bad record, with the crime. As Italian trains are managed, they must have known of the coming and going of the assassins even if not on the spot when Notarbartolo was killed.

A Ready-Made Alibi

After a lapse of time, a man named Delisi of Villabate reported to the Questore that a certain Giuseppe Fontana of Villabate, but living in Palermo, a reputed chief of a *cosca mafiusi*, had been seen in the country near the spot of the crime. Fontana proved a rock-ribbed alibi showing that he was in Tunis, Africa, on the 1st of February. Several of Palizzolo's friends supported this alibi. They had sent him telegrams and money when he being on a business mission for them, Leopoldo Notarbartolo finally got proof that Fontana was in Casteldaccia at noon the day of the crime, and that the day after he sailed in a small boat from Marsala for Africa. Longo Marino, son of the switchman at Alavilla, admitted that he saw Garufi and a stranger in a compartment at the moment when Garufi swore he was asleep. Quantities of anonymous letters containing good evidence poured in, but the writers would not come forward at the inquest. Randazzo, the servant attached to Notarbartolo, finally told of pressure Palizzolo in person had brought to bear on him to desert his master, recounting threats made at the time.

The case against Carolo, Garufi, and Fontana was not strong enough to go to the courts. Suspicion was pointing also to Bruno, Trapani, and Vitale, the two last named being already under suspicion of having acted as Palizzolo's agents in shooting Francesco Miceli, an official of Monreale, on his own doorstep. The petty officer of carabinieri who might have caught the assassins, but seemed to have been blind and paralyzed for a half-hour, was promoted under Di Biasi. It was shown that Palizzolo would be 10,000 lire better off by having Monreale out of a deal on foot. By the testimony of Delisi, Troja, Gianporcaro, and others, it was shown that Fontana was a frequent visitor at Villabate, the country home of Palizzolo. An engineer named Mangano opened the way to the proof that the honorable gentleman attended gatherings of the *cosca* of Villabate *mafiusi*, and two months after the killing of Notarbartolo a celebrative banquet was held, presided over by Filippello di Caccamo, a man of the worst record. Diletti, the station master, under pressure at last admitted that Fontana was one of the men who left the train.

So far Fontana's alibi had not been satisfactorily disproven. The appearance was that justice would never be done. Leopoldo Notarbartolo kept up the investigation after the authorities dropped it. In 1897 there was discovered at Venice a counterfeiter's gang, all Sicilians from Villabate, Casteldaccia, and Palermo. Fontana was in the gang, and in the testimony of a man named Chetta it was alleged that Fontana had told Chetta and a man named Bartolani that he had killed Notarbartolo. Commissioner the Count Coronchi of Palermo ordered the arrest and accusation of Fontana. Diletti, when promised protection, identified Fontana.

Arrest of Palizzolo

Finally in 1898 the first great trial began, being held in Milan, as there was no hope of getting justice in Palermo, where all honest men high or low trembled for their lives. Over five hundred witnesses were examined. The chain was woven more strongly around Fontana. His connection with Palizzolo was shown, and at the conclusion of the dramatic testimony of a young soldier, Nicola Urbano, who had won honors in the Greco-Turkish War, the Court arose, ordered the doors guarded, and announced that a petition would be sent instantly to the Chamber of Deputies asking its permission to arrest the Honorable Raffaele Palizzolo. Di Biasi had been arrested in court on December 2, and the Chamber of Deputies granting the permission for arrest of Palizzolo, telegraphic communication with the south was instantly suspended till officers could reach the house of the great chief and place him under restraint. The sudden turn of affairs occurred on January 10, 1899.

The second great trial, at Bologna, began on September 9, 1901, and lasted till July 31 the next year, when Palizzolo was found guilty and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment and lifetime surveillance. Fontana, Vitale, Bruno, Garufi, Carolo, Trapani, and others shared in the presumable guilt, and in the natural course of procedure would have been punished. Many more connected with the crime had ere this emigrated to America.

But Palizzolo appealed to the Court of Cassation, and the verdict arrived at in the second trial was quashed and a new trial ordered. Immediately more witnesses and more of the accused took ship for America, and in the last great trial, begun at Florence,

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on September 22, 1903, and concluded three months ago, a pitiful failure to present a case that was in any way as strong resulted in the complete acquittal of Palizzolo and the vindication of the Mafia of Sicily.

The Government declared the development of the south had been thrown back a quarter of a century. A pall seemed to hang over Sicily. If the miscarriage of justice had a terrible effect in Italy, it turned a balance in the United States. Of this we were and are sweetly unconscious.

Immediately after the result of the Palizzolo case became known in the United States there was an outbreak of blackmailing, murder, robbery, kidnapping, and kindred crimes among Italians such as had never been known before, and the American public began to talk of a "wave of crime," not guessing the subtle influence in the decision of "a foreign political murder case," mentioned in bare paragraphs in a few of our important papers. In the last election Palizzolo was defeated by Di Stefano, the member of the Peace Congress, which shows the mold of public opinion in Palermo when it can use the secret ballot. But every day sees some evidence of the real power—the many little bands or *cosci* centralized in the genius of one unscrupulous man.

A List of Murders

Not long since I went over all this ground with Inspector McClusky, head of the New York Detective Bureau, and at the end of the conversation he said: "We can and are still fully able to handle any other situation presented, but what are we going to do with these fellows—what are we going to do with them?"

Here is a list of notable assassinations the circumstances of which I have investigated and which I am convinced are gang murders, and so may be called the work of the *basia mafia*.

Caligro Salocco, shot in the hallway of his home, 225 Third Street, Passaic, New Jersey, on the night of Wednesday, April 15, 1903.

Meyer Weisbard, Hebrew, gold jewelry pedler with Italian patronage and dealings with Italians, found with throat cut in a trunk on Pier 10, February 6, 1901. The place where he was killed was never found by the police.

Unknown Italian, found stripped, with throat cut, at foot of Seventy-third Street, Brooklyn, March, 1902.

Micale Bianco, junk dealer, clubbed to death, at Bellport, Long Island, November 5, 1902, and his body hidden in the woods.

Unknown Italian, found in East River, February 8, 1898, terribly mutilated. A thigh of this body was found later at the foot of Pacific Street, Brooklyn.

Giovanni Domando, killed October 10, 1904, in his home, 64 Franklin Street, Brooklyn. While he was sitting surrounded by friends, three young Italians boldly walked in and deliberately riddled him with bullets, turned and walked out.

Giuseppe Catania, an Italian grocer of Brooklyn, found in April, 1902, in a gunny-sack, at Bay Ridge, with throat cut. Connection with "barrel murder" gang was shown later.

Louis Troja, banker and saloonkeeper, found dead on the floor of his saloon in East Ninety-seventh street, New York, in 1902, after receiving a warning letter.

Andrea Andano, shot down in the entrance of the Cagliostro bank and saloon, with crowds of people about, September, 1904. Two men committed the murder. They drew masks over their faces before they fired.

In the above cases not one person was arrested who even could be fancied to be connected with the murders.

Sixty-three other cases since January 1, 1900, might be cited in which there were indications of quarreling, private vendetta, or robbery, that would lead one to believe they were not gang murders.

Some Minor Outrages

There are not many cases of assault. The halfway step is rarely taken, but two that are notable are the following:
Francesco Bagnasco, thirty-five, waiter, of 220 West Houston Street. Found on the street, Tuesday night, October 12, 1904, with both cheeks slashed to the ear, and some small wounds that indicated he had been marked with the symbols of some *cosci*. He refused to say where the assault occurred or who were his assailants.

Father Cenozo Cigalino, assaulted by an unknown Italian with a club, Sunday night, September 19, 1903, at Port Chester, New York, and left for dead. He had been trying to break up a "Black Hand" *cosci* in that region.

It is useless to attempt to present anything of a showing of the Mafia and Black Hand letter cases, in which the receipt of such letters has been made public. Thousands of

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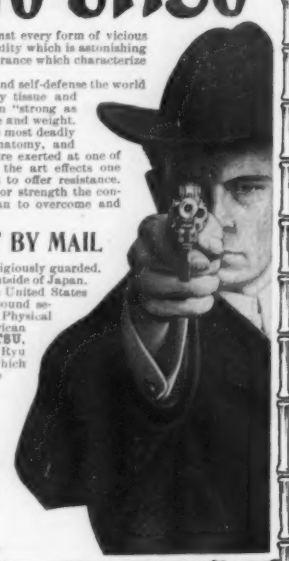
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instances of blackmail and attempted blackmail have been reported to the police of the Eastern cities. A large number of them were perpetrated by Americans, some are practical jokes, and all but a few of those sent by Italians are nothing more than the work of small independent groups of budding thieves. The public rarely hears of instances where scrocco letters are received by men of wealth. If they are reported at all they do not get beyond Inspector McClusky or his right hand man in all Italian matters, Joseph Petrosino, a really great Italian detective. He and his partner Bannoil rank as detective sergeants on the New York force, and are worth their weight in gold to the department. Both are men who live under the constant shadow of death, swift and terrible. I shall never forget how, when I met Petrosino for the first time, he showed himself to be always on the alert for the vengeance of his enemies. He entered a room, did not see me, and stood with his back to me a very few feet away. "Somebody to see you, Joe," said a brother officer.

He whirled like a flash. His right hand went down into his overcoat pocket; he shot one quick glance first at my hands and then at my face—and stood at ease.

He and his running mate have on hand constantly cases of Black Hand and Mafia letters, and can very nearly tell when they see one whether it is sent by some cobbler to another cobbler to drive him out of the neighborhood, for small grafting, for adventure by youngsters incited by bad literature, or by the real thing in the way of *bassa mafia*. If the truth were known as to the amount given up by Italians of means as the result of threatening letters, it would be appalling. Out of my personal acquaintance, I have a list of more than twenty doctors, merchants, lawyers, and others who have given up sums ranging from \$50 to \$1,000. One doctor received a demand for \$5,000. Instead he gave a balance sheet showing his previous year's practice and expenses, proof that he netted but a few hundred on the year. He heard nothing further, but has added to his practice a new and mysterious class of patients. Sometimes they come to him to have wounds dressed. He knows few of them by name, but believes they are of the *cassa* that sent him the letter.

The Riverdale Murders

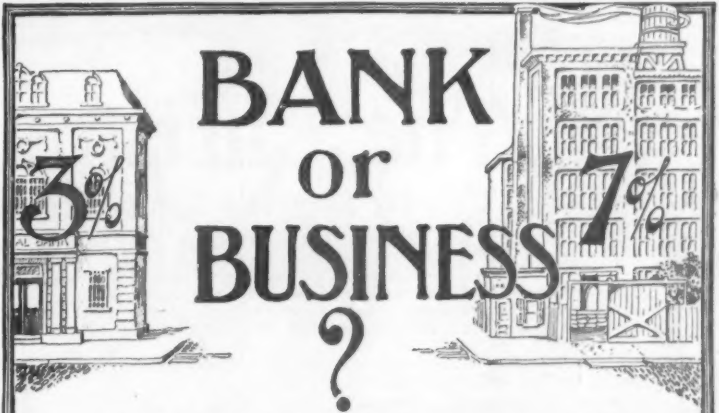
I have given a list of cases where the shadow of secret organization lay athwart the circumstances. To some of these murders the scrocco letters are now referring, as examples of what will befall those who do not pay up. The Troja, Domando, and Cagliostro Bank cases are most frequently named, but in two important affairs already mentioned, that remain to be considered in detail, there is more significance than in any of the others.

On the 19th of last September there were living in a small cottage in Riverdale, on the outskirts of Chicago, three men who worked on the railroad. They had come there from Italy nearly two years before, a fourth man, Angelo Novello, being with them at that time. He started back to Palermo in August. I have been unable to find that he ever reached home. On the evening of the date mentioned the three were making their preparations to start for New York the next day to take a North German Lloyd steamer for Naples. That day they had bought knives and revolvers for each. They had received an anonymous letter warning them to prepare for a violent death, and one man had just got a farewell letter from his brother, who conveyed in veiled phrases his further warning of impending doom. Two were men of common fibre, the third a man of education. The two were asleep in different rooms, and the third sat at a table writing some letters. Suddenly a pane of glass in the room where the one man slept was shattered, and as he sprang to his feet he was shot dead. The other sleeper never rose from his couch, but died as he lay. The third man endeavored to make his escape, but the assassins entered and killed him also. They looked for the letter of warning, and left on it the print of bloody fingers. Several hundred dollars in the dead men's pockets were untouched. The police and newspaper men struggled in vain to get an opening in the case. From names on letters and hearsay of other Italians, names were given the men. No significance was found in their identity. The case became a mystery of the past, a Mafia crime. If there had been but one Italian officer working on the affair he could have instantly given astounding developments.

The Long-Armed Mafia

The men's names were, first Bartolo Scaccia, the educated man, and his letters came from Giuseppe and Andrea Scaccia, olive oil exporters of Casteldaccia, Sicily. The others were Antonio Viruzo and Vincenzo Bruno. Can any one who has read even the brief résumé I have given of the Palizzolo case compare the facts without a sudden quickening of interest and a growing conviction of connection between them. Here are the points of connection. The men come from Casteldaccia, one of the storm centres of the Palizzolo case. They left there at a time when many others connected with the case were leaving. The Scaccia family were arrayed with Palizzolo. A Vincenzo Bruno was suspected and accused with Fontana, Garufi, and the others. The crime is obviously a *mafia* crime. They could have belonged only to a *cassa* of Palizzolo's cohorts, coming from where they did. They set about returning as soon as they heard of Palizzolo's acquittal and had received letters from their *compadres*.

Instead of being the ordinary gang murder of three Italians, I believe the Riverdale tragedy is one which should startle patriotic Americans—being an instance, probably the



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To supply this immense trade we control the output of a dozen large manufacturers who grow their own Havana tobacco on their own plantations. They are independent of the leaf brokers and speculators, and independent of the necessity for maintaining an expensive sales department. This enables them to insure their cigars being made of the same tobacco year after year, and to sell those cigars to us at prices less than the ordinary manufacturer's cost of production.

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By our direct buying and selling in enormous quantities, which enables us to cut out half a score of the "in-between" profits and expenses that burden the ordinary cigar, and put the difference into quality. We can and do sell cigars 30 to 50 per cent better for the same money; cigars of the same quality for 30 to 50 per cent less money, or 30 to 50 per cent more of the same cigars for the same money than you can possibly get in any other way.

Condition Is Assured

By the fact that every cigar we sell is kept in a scientifically constructed humidor from the time it leaves the factory until it goes to the smoker. Every cigar is guaranteed full weight and just right for smoking when you get it.

Safety Is Assured

By our absolute guarantee that all transactions are considered entirely at our risk until the customer is satisfied. Cigars go forward by express, prepaid, the same day your order is received, and the money is as promptly refunded or the cigars exchanged, if for any reason they fail to satisfy. This is absolutely unconditional. The smoker is the sole judge.

The Cigar a Woman Goes

have long been proverbial for the fancy pictures on the boxes and the poor quality of the cigars inside. The United System has changed all this. Women may order cigars of us for fathers, brothers or sweethearts, with every confidence that the order will be satisfactorily filled. Our name that stands for quality is back of every box of cigars that goes out, as is also our guarantee to fit the smoker's taste, or exchange the cigars, or refund the money.

Women who intend giving cigars for Christmas should send for our Cigar Book—free on request.

CIGAR BOOK FREE

Our Cigar Book is admittedly the most valuable—as it is the most handsome—publication on smokes and smoking ever produced. It costs us 50c a copy, and may easily be worth as many dollars to you in the course of the year, but we send it absolutely free if you ask for it. It is full of facts and pictures about cigars, cigarettes, pipes, smoking tobaccos, and their processes of manufacture—a veritable smoker's encyclopedia. If you smoke you need it. Write us to-day.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM OUR CIGAR BOOK

- HALL MARK,** Diplomatic size, \$2.50 per 100. About the same quality as the average five-cent cigar at half the price. 4 1/4 inches long.
- CAPTAIN MARRYAT,** Superior size, \$5.00 per 100; \$2.50 box of 50. A peerless mild Domestic, pure Havana long filler and selected Sumatra wrapper. 4 1/4 inches long.
- PALMA de CUBA,** Londres size, \$6.00 per 100; \$3.00 box of 50. Exclusively. Length 4 1/4 inches.
- RICORO,** Saratoga size, \$6.00 per 100; \$3.00 box of 50. A Porto Rican cigar made of selected shade-grown tobacco. Length 4 1/4 inches.
- HAVANA-AMERICAN,** Puritanos Finos size, \$10.00 per 100; \$5.00 box of 50. The same quality as the fifteen-cent imported Havana cigar. 4 1/4 inches long.
- HENRY CLAY,** Aguilas de Guillermo, \$40.00 per 100; \$10.00 box of 25. Specially selected imported Havana cigar. The finest grade possible to make. Length 5 1/4 inches.

SAMPLE BOXES \$1.00

To assist smokers in finding the cigar exactly suited to their taste, we have made up sample boxes containing 13 cigars of assorted sizes and shapes. For \$1.00 you have your choice of

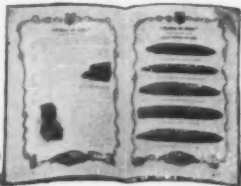
- Thirteen Clear Havana cigars—filler and wrapper of choice selected Cuban grown tobacco; or
- Thirteen Domestic cigars filled with selected Havana and wrapped with Sumatra.

Or for \$2.00 we will send box of each. Each cigar packed separately with the name and price indicated.

United Cigar Stores Co.

MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM

241 Flatiron Building
NEW YORK



first, of the Grand Mafia of Sicily stretching its arm across the Atlantic and by murder silencing the lips and preventing the return of three men who might add by their presence in Italy to the danger of their chief. Done with ease, security, and without police comprehension in a land of liberty, law, and order. A fascinating example of the operations of a limited gang, and of our inability to cope with such, let alone the Grand Mafia should it fasten upon us, is the famous "barrel murder."

On the night of April 13, 1903, a barrel was found on the street at Avenue D and Eleventh Street, on the East Side of New York, containing the body of a man, evidently an Italian, dressed in misfit clothes and with thirteen stab wounds in his neck and breast. The body was still warm when found. In an hour the police machinery was in full motion. A terrible gang murder had been done, but newspapers and police were at sea until District Chief Flynn, of the United States Secret Service, advised Inspector McClusky that his men had been for months shadowing a gang of Italian counterfeiters, and on Monday night of the date mentioned had seen the murdered man with them. To the Secret Service men, who knew the others, the man was known as "the newcomer." He was well dressed, and did not appear to be a laboring man. Inspector McClusky's men, acting on this tip, located the members of the gang, and, while the papers were full of the mystery, waited until they had all the important ones under their eyes. All were to be arrested at once. Inspector McClusky called in his men, put them in squads of fours, and, knowing the desperate task on which he was sending them, told them to "get their men but not to get hurt." On Wednesday night the greater portion of the twelve wanted were brought in. They were Giuseppe Morello, thirty-four, agent, 178 Chrystie Street, known as the chief of the band and a dangerous man; only one finger on his right hand; Giuseppe Fanaro, 25 Rivington Street; Antonio Genova, thirty-eight, importer, 514 Fifteenth Street; Lorenzo Lobiedo, forty-two, merchant, 308 Mott Street; Vito Laduca, twenty-four, laborer, 308 Mott Street; Domenico Pecoraro, thirty-two, farmer, 182 Chrystie Street; Pietro Inzerillo, forty-four, confectioner, 226 Elizabeth Street; Tommaso Petto, twenty-four, a clothing presser, known as "The Ox," by reason of his strength; Ignacio Lupo, forty, importer, 433 West Fortieth Street; Giuseppe Lalamia, laborer, 308 Mott Street, and Giuseppe Guardano, twenty-two, laborer, 165 Mott Street.

Evidence, yet no Conviction

The newspapers said at the time that the prisoners were sullen, smiling, or confident, and uncommunicative, denying everything; but a scene quite the reverse and intensely dramatic occurred in the assembly room of the Detective Bureau that night. Four men were assigned to each prisoner, coats off and sleeves rolled up. The prisoners were hustled in, flung on the floor and ordered stripped in less than two minutes. Stricken with fear, in a panic that was a psychological study, they wept and prayed, each with his rosary in his hands, while the powerful officers tumbled them about, shaking huge coltelli and loaded revolvers from every one. Then they were put individually through the "Third Degree," but sought refuge in pretence of lack of knowledge of English. Some of the things found were cigars in the pockets of Petto and Morello identical with those on the dead man, and a pawn ticket for a watch that was later proved to be the dead man's. The shoes on the dead man were of the same sort as those worn by a member of the gang. After the victim had been more than once identified as some one else, it was proved that he was Benedetto Madonia of Buffalo, formerly a stone mason, but for some time connected with the gang, and once sent on a mission for it to Pittsburg, as proved by letters found in Morello's house. All the band denied knowing him. The collar on the dead man was found to be identical with Morello's. The barrel and sawdust were identical with those in Inzerillo's café, bearing the same marks in every way. It was found that Madonia had been with Salvatore Maculoso, a barber, at 406 East Houston Street, had told him that he had come to New York to see if his brother-in-law, Di Primo, a member of the gang, was not in trouble, and had found that Di Primo was already in prison. Going to him, Di Primo said the gang had deserted him and robbed him of his money. Madonia came to New York once more in his brother-in-law's interests and knew he was in danger. He was with the gang at its headquarters at 8 Prince Street and 16 Stanton Street, being seen there by Secret Service men, who, when all seemed to have quieted down, left their watch for the night. A few hours later Madonia's body was found.

I have given the principal points adduced by the police and Secret Service. In the trial there was enough perjury to keep half the gang in prison for the next twenty years, but they were cleared one and all and pitched back into the lap of society. From my knowledge of conditions among the Italians in New York to-day, I am compelled to predict a terrible harvest from this sowing.

To exterminate the *bassa mafia* and prevent a *grand mafia*—Make a death penalty for such conspiracy, create a sufficient Italian police Secret Service, and on resulting evidence deport about six shiploads.

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